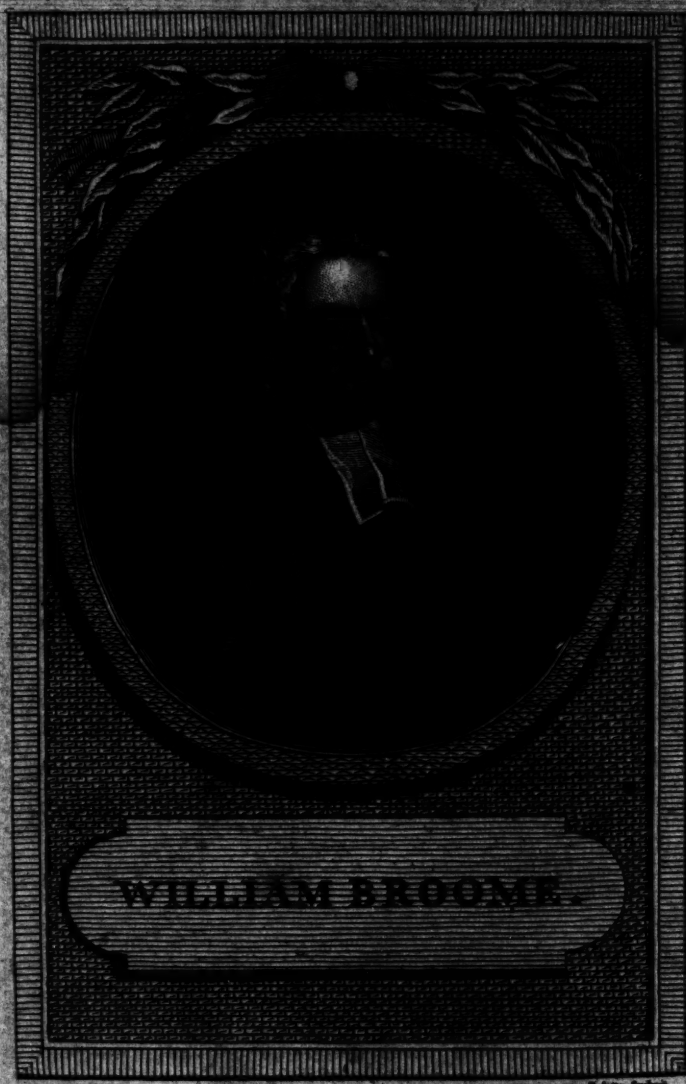
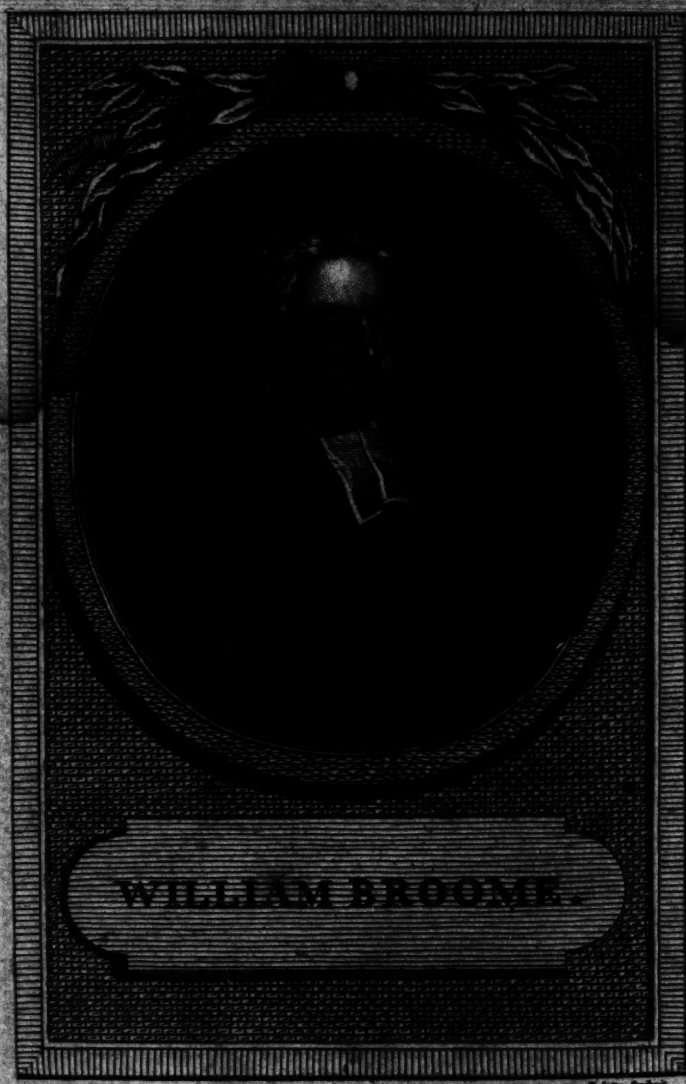




D. White painted *Engraved by J. Smith*
Printed for John Bell, British Library Strand London. Nov. 10th 1781.



D. White painted *Engraved by J. Smith*
Printed for John Bell, British Library Strand London. Nov. 10th 1781.

BELL'S EDITION.
THE POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



BROOME.

Soft I approach'd and rap-saw'd with the RIN.
At last he said then hold a flow KIN.

Page 100



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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
DR. WILL. BROOME.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

..... Nos otia vitæ
Solamur Cantu.

STAT.

I have furnished out the table according to my best abilities; if
not with a splendid elegance, yet at least with an innocent va-
riety.—Whatever be the fate of these Works they have pro-
ved of use to me.

PREFACE.

Bear me, ye friendly Pow'rs! to gentler scenes,
To shady bow'rs and never-fading greens,
Where the shrill trumpet never sounds alarms,
Nor martial din is heard nor clash of arms—
Here grant me, Heav'n! to end my peaceful days,
And steal myself from life by slow decays;
Draw health from food the temp'rate garden yields,
From fruit or herb, the bounty of the fields—
With age unknown to pain or sorrow blest,
To the dark grave retiring as to rest;
While gently with one sigh this mortal frame
Dissolving, turns to ashes, whence it came.

POEM ON SEAT OF WAR.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1781.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
DR. WILL. BROOME.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

STAT.

His old life

I have furnished out the table according to my best abilities; it
may, with a candid eye, be said to be a little with an innocent eye.
Whether be the fate of these Works they have two
of them are

BRITISH



MUSEUM

FORM ON SEAT OF WAR

EDINBURG:

A. & J. G. & Co. by the MARTINS.

New York

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
DR. WILLIAM BROOME.

CONTAINING HIS

PREFACES,

MISCELLANIES,

EPISTLES,

PARAPHRASES,

PASTORALS,

ODES,

IMITATIONS,

TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

Free from the lust of wealth and glittering snares
That make th' unhappy Great in love with cares,
Me humble joys in calm retirement please,
A silent happiness and learned ease.

Deny me grandeur, Heav'n! but goodness grant:

A king is less illustrious than a saint—

O Heav'n! by what vain passions man is sway'd!

Proud of his reason, by his will betray'd,

Boldly he wanders in pursuit of vice,

And hates confinement tho' in Paradise!

Doom'd when enlarg'd instead of Eden's bow'rs

To rove in wilds, and gather thorns for flow'rs:

Between th' extremes direct he sees the way,

Yet wilful swerves, perversely fond to stray.

EPIST. TO MR. FENTON.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1781.

AT THE APPEALS BY THE MARINE.

THE LIFE OF

DR. WILLIAM BROOME.

WILLIAM BROOME, Author of the following Poems, is said to have been born in Cheshire, of mean parentage. Of his more early years little is known, further than that he was educated at Eaton; and that from his propensity to poetry his acquaintance familiarly called him Poet. He was concerned in the prose translation of *The Iliads* with Ozel and Oldiforth.

After this translation, now little read and known, which yet in Toland's opinion was not despicable, Mr. Broome was introduced, at Sir John Cotton's at Madingly in Cambridgeshire, to the acquaintance of Mr. Pope, who engaged him in selecting Notes for *The Iliads* from Eustathius, &c. Notes were absolutely necessary to swell the work, since the six volumes (of which *The Iliads* were to consist) would have been very little more than six pamphlets without them.

The sale of *The Iliad* being rapid, it was followed by a version of *The Odyssey*, the joint labour of Pope, Fenton, and Broome. Pope translated twelve books, and Fenton and Broome, his coadjutors, the other

twelve*. The second, sixth, eighth, eleventh, twelfth, sixteenth, eighteenth, and twenty-third books, together with all the Notes, fell to the share of Broome. Fenton's books were the first, the fourth, the nineteenth, and twentieth: he had formerly translated the eleventh into blank verse, but neither Pope nor he took it, committing it to Broome†. These associates performed their parts to admiration, the readers of poetry having never been able to distinguish their books from those of Pope.

It has always been known that this version was not wholly Pope's. In the patent he does not say that he had translated The Odyssæy as he said of The Iliad, but that he had undertaken a translation; and in the proposals for the Work the profits arising from the subscription are said to be not solely for his own use, but for that of two of his friends who had assisted him in the translation, &c. Broome, in a note subjoined to the end of the work, gives some account of their different parts, which mentions five books only as translated by himself and Fenton, which account is

* Ruffhead relates that Fenton and Broome had already begun The Odyssæy, but that Pope liked better to have them confederates than rivals.

† The original copy of Pope's and Fenton's books are in the Museum.----Fenton's books have few alterations by Pope. Broome's have not been found; but it is said Pope complained of the trouble he had in correcting them.

suspected to contain only part of the truth. His words are; "If my performance has merit either in these
"(the Remarks on The Odyssey) or in my part of
"the translation, namely, the sixth, eleventh, and
"eighteenth books, it is but just to attribute it to the
"judgment and care of Mr. Pope, by whose hand
"every sheet was corrected. His other and much
"more able assistant was Mr Fenton, in the fourth
"and the twentieth books. It was our particular request that our several parts might not be made
"known to the world till the end of it; and if they
"have had the good fortune not to be distinguished
"from his, we ought to be the less vain, since the resemblance proceeds much less from our diligence
"and study to copy his manner, than from his own
"daily revision and correction." It is certain that Pope however, in an advertisement afterwards prefixed to a new volume of his Poems, claimed only twelve books.
It is said that Pope acquired this assistance at the expense of 300*l.* to Fenton, and 300*l.* to Broome, with some copies to his friends, which amounted to 100*l.* more. The premium to Fenton is not certainly known; that to Broome is spoke out by Pope in a note on Dunciad III. ver. 331, in these words;
"Whoever imagines this a sarcasm on the other ingenious person (Mr. Broome) is surely mistaken:

" the opinion our Author had of him was sufficiently
 " shewn by his joining him in the undertaking of
 " The Odyssey, in which Mr Broome, having enga-
 " ged without any previous agreement, discharged
 " his part so much to Mr. Pope's satisfaction, that
 " he gratified him with the full sum of 300 *l.* and
 " a present of all the books for which his own inte-
 " rest could procure him subscribers, to the value of
 " 100 *l.* more. The Author only seems to lament
 " that he was employed in translations." Pope's
 treatment of Broome appears somewhat capricious.
 If Fenton's four books deserved 300 *l.* Broome's
 eight, with all the Notes*, equivalent at least to other
 four books, certainly entitled him to more than
 600 *l.* But Pope, as observed by Mr. Allen, was
 always a bad accountant; in which light Broome al-
 so seems to have considered him, for he always spoke
 of Pope as being too much attached to money; a
 freedom which the irascible bard could neither for-
 give nor forget, since he mentions him with some dis-
 respect in *The Dunciad*.

* The Notes were written wholly by Dr. Broome. "If,"
 says he, "my credit should fail as a poet, I may have recourse
 " to my Remarks upon Homer, and be pardoned for my in-
 " dustry as the Annotator in part upon *The Iliad*, and entirely
 " upon *The Odyssey*." *Broome's Pref.*

Mr. Broome was some time Rector of Sturston in Suffolk, during which he married an opulent widow. He afterwards became Doctor of Laws; and in the 1733 was presented by the Crown to the Rectory of Pulham in Norfolk, which he held jointly with Oakley Magna in Suffolk, given him by Lord Cornwallis, to whom he officiated as Chaplain; and who afterwards added the Vicarage of Eye in Suffolk. He resigned Pulham in Norfolk, and retained the two in Suffolk. In these retirements he seems to have wrote most of his occasional Poems, as hinted in the Preface in these words; "Whatever be the fate of these
" Works they have proved of use to me, and been
" an agreeable amusement in a constant solitude.
" Providence has been pleased to lead me out of the
" great roads of life into a private path, where though
" we have leisure to chuse the smoothest way, yet
" we are all sure to meet many obstacles in the journey: I have found poetry an innocent companion,
" and support from the fatigues of it." He courted the Muses till the close of his life, amusing his vacant hours in translations from Anacreon, which were published in The Gentleman's Magazine under the name of Chester.

Mr. Broome died at Bath on the 16th of November 1745, and his remains were deposited in the Abbey-church of that city.

If Broome was not a great poet, he was at least an excellent versifier, and had such command of words and numbers as thoroughly fitted him for translation. Of this Pope's enemies were so well convinced, that they considered Broome's assistance in *The Odyssey* as so highly important to Pope, that Henley attacked him with this ludicrous distich;

"Pope came off clean with Homer; but they say
"Broome went before, and kindly went the way."

So bold. In these testimonies he seems to have wrote most of his occasional Poems, as printed in the Preface in these words: "Whatever be the fate of these Works they have proved of use to me, and been an agreeable amusement in a constant solitude. "Providence has been pleased to lead me out of the great road of life into a private path, where through we have leisure to chase the innumerable way, yet we are all sure to meet many obstacles in the journey: I have found poetry an innocent companion, and support from the fatigues of it." The contents the Muses till the close of his life, among his various hours in translation from Anacreon, which were published in *The Gentleman's Magazine* under the name of Ovidius. Mr. Broome died at Bath on the 18th of November 1742, and his remains were deposited in the parish church of that city.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

CHARLES LD. VIS. TOWNSHEND,

*Late one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State,
and Knight of the most noble order of the Garter, &c.*

MY LORD,

I Beg leave to publish the following Poems under your patronage; a present I confess unworthy of it, and of little value, excepting what gratitude gives it: but I fear it may be esteemed a boast rather than an acknowledgement, or at best an ostentatious kind of gratitude, to tell the world that I have received the highest obligations from the Lord Townshend. It is an honour to be regarded by a person of so distinguished a character: I am proud of it, and not being of a nature to be content with a silent gratitude, am not deterred from owning it, though it be liable to be miscalled Vanity.

You have, my Lord, the happiness to enjoy what that great statesman Walsingham, who held the same office which you fill with so much honour, frequently wished, but never obtained; a retirement from business in the declension of life, to enjoy age in peace and tranquillity. This last action speaks you truly great; for that person who, by a voluntary retreat,

could industriously renounce all the grandeur of the world must evidently have a soul above it.

Tully in his Tusculum was never more happy than the Lord Townshend in his Rainham;

“ ————— Where, majestically plain,

“ Pure Nature reigns; where vary’d views from views

“ Diffusive prospects yield *; here shagg’d with woods,

“ Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks;

“ And all the gay horizon smiles around

“ Full of thy genius! Lo! between yon’ groves

“ The dome with easy grandeur, like the soul

“ Of its great master, rising overlooks

“ The subject regions, and commands the charms

“ Of many a pleasing landscape, to the eye

“ Delightful change! Here groves of lofliest shade

“ Wave their proud tops, and form of stateliest view

“ A sylvan theatre! while Nature’s hand

“ Pours forth profuse o’er hill, o’er vale, o’er lawn,

“ Her choicest blessings. See! where yonder lake

“ Spreads its wide liquid plain, now stands unmov’d

“ Pure as th’ expanse of heav’n, and heav’n reflects

“ From its broad-glitt’ring mirror, now with waves

“ Curl’d gently by the breeze salutes the flow’rs

“ That grace its banks; in state the snowy swans

“ Arch their proud necks, and fowls of various plume

“ Innum’rous, native or exotick, cleave

“ The dancing wave! while o’er th’ adjoining lawns

“ Obverted to the southern suns the deer

“ Wide-spreading graze, or starting bound away

“ In crowds, then turning, silent stand and gaze!

“ Such are thy beauties, Rainham! such the haunts

“ Of angels in primeval guiltless days,

“ When man imparadis’d convers’d with God.”

* See Mr. Thomson’s excellent poems.

This, my Lord, is but a faint picture of the place of your retirement, which no one ever enjoyed more elegantly. No part of your life lies heavy upon you; there is no uneasy vacancy in it: it is all filled up with study, exercise, or polite amusement. Here you shine in the most agreeable, though not most strong and dazzling light. In your public station you command admiration and honour; in your private you attract love and esteem. The nobler parts of your life will be the subject of the historian, and the actions of the great statesman and patriot will adorn many pages of our future annals; but the affectionate father, the indulgent master, the condescending and benevolent friend, patron, and companion, can only be described by those who have the pleasure and happiness to see you act in all those relations. I could with delight enlarge upon this amiable part of your character, but am sensible that no portion of your time is so ill spent as in reading what I write; I will therefore only beg the honour to subscribe myself,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most obliged

and most obedient servant,

Fulham in Norfolk,

1739.

WILLIAM BROOME.

PREFACE.

I AM very sensible that many hard circumstances attend all authors: if they write ill they are sure to be used with contempt; if well, too often with envy. Some men, even while they improve themselves with the sentiments of others, rail at their benefactors, and while they gather the fruit tear the tree that bore it. I must confess that mere idleness induced me to write, and the hopes of entertaining a few idle men to publish. I am not so vain as not to think there are many faults in the ensuing Poems; all human works must fall short of perfection, and therefore to acknowledge it is no humility: however, I am not like those authors who, out of a false modesty, complain of the imperfections of their own works, yet would take it very ill if the world should believe them. I will not add hypocrisy to my other faults, or act so absurdly as to invite the reader to an entertainment, and then tell him that there is nothing worth his eating. I have furnished out the table according to my best abilities; if not with a splendid elegance, yet at least with an innocent variety.

But since this is the last time that I shall ever perhaps trouble the world in this kind, I will beg leave to speak something, not as a poet, but a critick, that if my credit should fail as a poet I may have recourse to my Remarks upon Homer, and be pardoned for my

industry as the Annotator in part upon The Iliad, and entirely upon The Odyssey.

I will therefore offer a few things upon Criticism in general, a study very necessary, but fallen into contempt through the abuse of it. At the restoration of learning it was particularly necessary; authors had been long buried in obscurity, and consequently had contracted some rust through the ignorance and barbarism of preceding ages; it was therefore very requisite that they should be polished by a critical hand, and restored to their original purity. In this consists the office of critics; but instead of making copies agreeable to the manuscripts, they have long inserted their own conjectures, and from this license arise most of the various readings, the burthens of modern editions; whereas books are like pictures, they may be new varnished, but not a feature is to be altered; and every stroke that is thus added destroys in some degree the resemblance, and the original is no longer an Homer or a Virgil, but a mere ideal person, the creature of the Editor's fancy. Whoever deviates from this rule does not correct but corrupt his author; and therefore since most books worth reading have now good impressions, it is a folly to devote too much time to this branch of criticism: it is ridiculous to make it the supreme business of life to repair the ruins of a decayed word, to trouble the world with vain niceties about a letter, or a syllable, or the trans-

position of a phrase, when the present reading is sufficiently intelligible. These learned triflers are mere weederers of an author; they collect the weeds for their own use, and permit others to gather the herbs and flowers: it would be of more advantage to mankind, when once an author is faithfully published, to turn our thoughts from the words to the sentiments, and make them more easy and intelligible. A skill in verbal criticism is in reality but a skill in guessing, and consequently he is the best critic who guesses best: a mighty attainment! and yet with what pomp is a trivial alteration ushered into the world! Such writers are like Caligula*, who raised a mighty army, and alarmed the whole world, and then led it to gather cockle-shells. In short, the question is not what the author might have said, but what he has actually said: it is not whether a different word will agree with the sense and turn of the period, but whether it was used by the author: if it was it has a good title still to maintain its post, and the authority of the manuscript ought to be followed rather than the fancy of the editor: for can a Modern be a better judge of the language of the purest of the Ancients than those Ancients who wrote it in the greatest purity? or if

* Postremo, quasi perpetraturus bellum directa acie in litore Oceani, ac ballistis machinisque dispositis, nimine gnaro ac opinante quidnam cepturus esset, repente ut Conchas legerent, galeasque et sinus replerent, imperavit; et indicium victoriae altissimam turrem excitavit. *Suetonius.*

he could, was ever any author so happy as always to chuse the most proper word? Experience shews the impossibility. Besides, of what use is verbal criticism when once we have a faithful edition? it embarrasses the reader instead of giving new light, and hinders his proficiency by engrossing his time, and calling off the attention from the author to the editor; it increases the expence of books, and makes us pay an high price for trifles, and often for absurdities. I will only add, with Sir Henry Saville, that various lectures are now grown so voluminous, that we begin to value the first editions of books as most correct, because least corrected.

There are other criticks who think themselves obliged to see no imperfections in their author. of partial Criticks. From the moment they undertake his cause they look upon him as a lover upon his mistress; he has no faults, or his very faults improve into beauties! This indeed is a well-natured error, but still blameable, because it misguides the judgment. Such criticks act no less erroneously than a judge who should resolve to acquit a person whether innocent or guilty who comes before him upon his trial. It is frequent for the partial critick to praise the work as he likes the author; he admires a book as an antiquary a medal, solely from the impression of the name, and not from the intrinsic value: the copper of a favourite writer shall be more esteemed than the finest gold of

a less acceptable author. For this reason many persons have chosen to publish their works without a name; and by this method, like Apelles, who stood unseen behind his own Venus, have received a praise which perhaps might have been denied if the author had been visible.

But there are other critics who act a contrary part; and condemn all as criminals whom they try: they dwell only on the faults of an author, and endeavour to raise a reputation by dispraising every thing that other men praise: they have an antipathy to a shining character, like some animals that hate the sun only because of its brightness. It is a crime with them to excel: they are a kind of Tartars in learning, who seeing a person of distinguished qualifications immediately endeavour to kill him, in hopes to attain just so much merit as they destroy in their adversary. I never look into one of these critics, but he puts me in mind of a giant in romance: the glory of the giant consists in the number of the limbs of men whom he has destroyed, that of the critic in viewing

—“Disjuncta membra Poetæ,” said ancient critics. HOR.

If ever he accidentally deviates into praise, he does it that his ensuing blame may fall with the greater weight: he adorns an author with a few flowers, as the Ancients those victims which they were ready to sacrifice: he studies criticism as if it extended only to

dispraise; a practice which when most successful is least desirable. A painter might justly be thought to have a perverse imagination who should delight only to draw the deformities and distortions of human nature, which when executed by the most masterly hand strike the beholder with most horror. It is usual with envious criticks to attack the writings of others because they are good; they constantly prey upon the fairest fruits, and hope to spread their own works by uniting them to those of their adversary. But this is like Mezentius in Virgil *, to join a dead carcass to a living body; and the only effect of it to fill every well-natured mind with detestation. Their malice becomes impotent, and contrary to their design they give a testimony of their enemy's merit, and shew him to be an hero by turning all their weapons against him. Such criticks are like dead coals, they may blacken, but cannot burn. These writers bring to my memory a passage in The Iliad where all the inferiour powers, the *plebs superum*, or rabble of the sky, are fancied to unite their endeavours to pull Jupiter down to the earth; but by the attempt they only betray their own inability: Jupiter is still Jupiter, and by their unavailing efforts they manifest his superiority.

* Mortua quinetiam jungebat corpora vivis,
Componens manibusque manus atque oribus ora
Tormenti genus! ————— *Virg. Aen. viii. 485.*

Modesty is essential to true criticism: no man has a title to be a dictator in knowledge, and the sense of our own infirmities ought to teach us to treat others with humanity. The envious critick ought to consider, that if the authors be dead whom he censures it is inhumanity to trample upon their ashes with insolence; that it is cruelty to summon, implead, and condemn, them with rigour and animosity, when they are not in a capacity to answer his unjust allegations. If the authors be alive the common laws of society oblige us not to commit any outrage against another's reputation. We ought modestly to convince, not injuriously insult; and contend for truth, not victory. And yet the envious critick is like the tyrants of old, who thought it not enough to conquer, unless their enemies were made a publick spectacle, and dragged in triumph at their chariot-wheels. But what is such a triumph but a barbarous insult over the calamities of their fellow-creatures? the noise of a day purchased with the misery of nations? However, I would not be thought to be pleading for an exemption from criticism; I would only have it circumscribed within the rules of candour and humanity. Writers may be told of their errors, provided it be with the decency and tenderness of a friend, not the malice and passion of an enemy. Boys may be whipped into sense, but men are to be guided with reason.

If we grant the malicious critics all that he claims; and allow him to have proved his adversary's dulness and his own acuteness, yet so long as there is virtue in the world, modest dulness will be preferable to learned arrogance. Dulness may be a misfortune, but arrogance is a crime: and where is the mighty advantage if while he discovers more learning, he is found to have less virtue than his adversary? and though he be a better critic, yet proves himself to be a worse man? Besides, no one is to be envied the skill in finding such faults as others are so dull as to mistake for beauties: what advantage is such a quick-sightedness even to the possessors of it? it makes them difficult to be pleased, and gives them pain while others receive a pleasure. They resemble the second-sighted people in Scotland, who are fabled to see more than other persons; but all the benefit they reap from this privilege is to discover objects of horror, ghosts and apparitions.

But it is time to end, though I have too much reason to enlarge the argument for candour in criticism through a consciousness of my own deficiency. I have in reality been pleading my own cause, that if I appear too guilty to obtain a pardon, I may find so much mercy from my judges as to be condemned to suffer without inhumanity. But whatever be the fate of these Works they have proved of use to me, and been an agreeable amusement in a constant solitude,

Providence has been pleased to lead me out of the great roads of life into a private path, where though we have leisure to chuse the smoothest way, yet we are all sure to meet many obstacles in the journey. I have found poetry an innocent companion and support from the fatigues of it: how long or how short the future stages of it are to be, as it is uncertain so it is a folly to be over solicitous about it. He that lives the longest has but the small privilege of creeping more leisurely than others to his grave. What we call living is in reality but a longer time of dying; and if these Verses prove as short-lived as their Author it is a loss not worth regretting; they only die as they were born, in obscurity.

MISCELLANIES.

A POEM

ON THE SEAT OF WAR IN FLANDERS,

CHIEFLY WITH RELATION TO THE SIEGES:

With the Praise of Peace and Retirement.

WRITTEN IN 1710.

*Humbly inscribed to John Holt, Esq. of Redgrave-Hall
in Suffolk.*

Secessus mei non desidiæ nomen, sed tranquillitatis accipiant. PLIN.

HAPPY, thou Flandria! on whose fertile plains
In wanton pride luxurious Plenty reigns;
Happy had Heav'n bestow'd one blessing more,
And plac'd thee distant from the Gallick power:
But now in vain thy lawns attract the view,
They but invite the victor to subdue:
War, horrid War! the sylvan scene invades,
And angry trumpets pierce the woodland shades.
Here shatter'd tow'rs, proud works of many an age,
Lie dreadful monuments of human rage;
There palaces and hallow'd domes display
Majestick ruins awful in decay!

The very dust, tho' undistinguish'd trod,
 Compos'd perhaps some hero great and good,
 Who nobly for his country lost his blood. 15
 Ev'n with the grave the haughty spoilers war,
 And Death's dark mansions wide disclose to air;
 O'er kings and saints insulting stalk, nor dread
 To spurn the ashes of the glorious dead.

See the Britannick Lions wave in air! 20
 See mighty Marlborough breathing death and war!
 From Albion's shores at Anna's high commands
 The dauntless hero pours his martial bands;
 As when in wrath stern Mars the Thunderer sends
 To scourge his foes, in pomp the god descends, 25
 He mounts his iron car, with fury burns,
 The car fierce-rattling thunders as it turns;
 Gloomy he grasps his adamantine shield,
 And scatters armies o'er th' ensanguin'd field:
 With delegated wrath thus Marlborough glows, 30
 In vengeance rushing on his country's foes.
 See round the hostile towers embattled stands
 His banner'd host, embody'd bands by bands!
 Hark! the shrill trumpet sends a mortal sound,
 And prancing horses shake the solid ground; 35
 The furious drums beat terrible afar
 With all the dreadful musick of the war;
 From the drawn swords effulgent flames arise,
 Flash o'er the plains and lighten to the skies;

The heav'ns above, the fields and floods beneath, 40
 Glare formidably bright, and shine with death;
 In fiery storms descends a murd'rous show'r,
 Thick flash the lightnings, fierce the thunders roar:
 As when in wrathful mood, Almighty Jove,
 Aims his dire bolts red-hissing from above, 45
 Thro' the sing'd air with unresisted sway
 The forky vengeance rends its flaming way,
 And while the firmament with thunder roars,
 From their foundations hurls imperial tow'rs;
 So rush the globes with many a fiery round, 50
 Tear up the rock, or rend the stedfast mound;
 Death shakes aloft her dart, and o'er her prey
 Stalks with dire joy, and marks in blood her way;
 Mountains of heroes slain deform the ground,
 The shape of man half bury'd in the wound, 55
 And lo! while in the shock of war they close,
 While swords meet swords and foes encounter foes,
 The treach'rous earth beneath their footsteps cleaves,
 Her entrails tremble, and her bosom heaves;
 Sudden in bursts of fire eruptions rise, 60
 And whirl the torn battalions to the skies. [found,
 Thus earthquakes, rumbling with a thund'ring
 Shake the firm world, and rend the cleaving ground;
 Rocks, hills, and groves, are tost into the sky,
 And in one mighty ruin nations die. 65
 See, thro' th' incumber'd air the pond'rous bomb
 Bears magazines of death within its womb!

The glowing orb displays a blazing train,
 And darts bright horror thro' th' ethereal plain;
 It mounts tempest'ous, and with hideous sound * 70
 Wheels down the heav'n and thunders o'er the ground!
 The imprison'd deaths rush dreadful in a blaze,
 And mow a thousand lives a thousand ways;
 Earth floats with blood, while spreading flames arise †
 From palaces and domes, and kindle half the skies. 75

Thus terribly in air the comets roll,
 And shoot malignant gleams from pole to pole :
 'Tween worlds and worlds they move, and from their
 Shake the blue plague, the pestilence, and war. [hair

But who is he who stern bestrides the plain, 80
 Who drives triumphant o'er huge hills of slain,
 Serene while engines from the hostile tow'r
 Rain from their brazen mouths an iron shower,
 While turbid fiery smoke obscures the day
 Hews thro' the deathful breach his desp'rate way ?
 Sure Jove descending joins the martial toil ! 86
 Or is it Marlborough or the great Argyle ?
 Thus when the Grecians, furious to destroy,
 Levell'd the structures of imperial Troy,

VARIATIONS.

* Ev'n the stern souls of heroes feel dismay,
 Proud temples nod, aspiring towers give way ;
 Dreadful it mounts, tempest'ous in its flight ;
 It sinks, it falls ; earth groans beneath its weight !
 Th' imprison'd deaths rush out in smoke and fire ;
 The mighty bleed ; heaps crush'd on heaps expire !

† The barriers burst, wide-spreading flames arise.

Here angry Neptune * hurl'd his vengeful mace; 90
 There Jove o'erturn'd it from its inmost base;
 Tho' brave, yet vanquish'd she confess'd the odds:
 Her sons were heroes, but they fought with gods.

Ah! what new horrors rise? in deep array
 The squadrons form; aloft the standards play; 95
 The captains draw the sword; on ev'ry brow
 Determin'd Valour lours; the trumpets blow
 See, the brave Briton delves the cavern'd ground
 Thro' the hard entrails of the stubborn mound,
 And undismay'd by death the foe invades 100
 Thro' dreadful horrors of infernal shades!

In vain the wall's broad base deep-rooted lies;
 In vain an hundred turrets threat the skies!
 Lo! while at ease the bands immur'd repose,
 Nor careless dream of subterranean foes; 105
 Like the Cadmæan host, embattled swarms
 Start from the earth, and clash their sounding arms,
 And pouring war and slaughter from beneath,
 Wrap tow'rs, walls, men, in fire, in blood, in death!

So some fam'd torrent dives within the caves 110
 Of op'ning earth, ingulf'd with all his waves:
 High o'er the latent stream the shepherd feeds
 His wand'ring flock, and tunes the sprightly reeds,
 Till from some rifted chasm the billows rise,
 And foaming burst tumultuous to the skies; 115

* Neptuneus muros, magnoq; emota tridenti

Fundamenta quatit, Virg. Æn.

Then roaring dreadful o'er the delug'd plain,
Sweep herds and hinds in thunder to the main;

Bear me, ye friendly Pow'rs! to gentler scenes,
To shady bow'rs and never-fading-greens,
Where the shrill trumpet never sounds alarms,
Nor martial din is heard nor clash of arms.

Hail, ye soft Seats! ye limpid Springs and Floods!
Ye flow'ry Meads! ye Vales! and mazy Woods!
Ye limpid Floods! that ev'r murmuring flow,
Ye verdant Meads! where flow'rs eternal blow,
Ye shady Vales! where zephyrs ever play,
Ye Woods! where little warblers tune their lay,

Here grant me, Heaven! to end my peaceful days,
And steal myself from life by slow decays;
Draw health from food the temperate garden yields,
From fruit or herb, the bounty of the fields;
Nor let the loaded table groan beneath
Slain animals, the horrid feast of death:
With age unknown to pain or sorrow blest,
To the dark grave retiring as to rest,
While gently with one sigh this mortal frame

Dissolving, turns to ashes, whence it came;
While my freed soul departs without a groan,
And joyful wings her flight to worlds unknown:

Ye gloomy Gröts! ye awful solemn Cells!
Where holy thoughtful Contemplation dwells,
Guard me from splendid cares and tiresome state,
That pompous misery of being great!

Happy if by the wise and learn'd belov'd,
But happiest above all if self-approv'd! 145
Content with ease, ambitious to despise
Illustrious vanity and glorious vice!
Come thou, chaste Maid! here ever let me stray,
While the calm hours steal unperceiv'd away;
Here court the Muses, while the sun on high 150
Flames in the vault of heav'n and fires the sky;
Or while the night's dark wings this globe surround,
And the pale moon begins her solemn round,
Bid my free soul to starry orbs repair,
Those radiant worlds that float in ambient air, 155
And with a regular confusion stray
Oblique, direct, along th' aerial way;
Or when Aurora from her golden bow'rs
Exhales the fragrance of the balmy flow'rs,
Reclin'd in silence on a mossy bed 160
Consult the learned volumes of the dead;
Fall'n realms and empires in description view,
Live o'er past times, and build whole worlds anew;
Or from the bursting tombs in fancy raise
The sons of Fame who liv'd in ancient days. 165
And lo! with haughty stalk the warrior treads!
Stern legislators frowning lift their heads!
I see proud victors in triumphal cars,
Chiefs, kings, and heroes, seam'd with glorious scars!
Or listen till the raptur'd soul takes wings, 170
While Plato reasons or while Homer sings.

Charm me, ye Sacred Leaves * I with loftier themes,
 With op'ning heav'ns, and angels rob'd in flames.
 Ye restless Passions! while I read be aw'd.
 Hail, ye mysterious Oracles of God!
 Here I behold how infant Time began,
 How the dust mov'd and quicken'd into man;
 Here thro' the flow'ry walks of Eden rove,
 Court the soft breeze or range the spicy grove;
 There tread on hallow'd ground where angels trod,
 And rev'rend patriarchs talk'd as friends with God;
 Or hear the voice to slumb'ring prophets giv'n,
 Or gaze on visions from the throne of heav'n.

But nobler yet, far nobler scenes advance!
 Why leap the mountains? why the forests dance?
 Why flashes glory from the golden spheres?
 Rejoice, O Earth! a God! a God appears!
 A God! a God! descending angels sing,
 And mighty Seraphs shout, Behold your King!
 Hail, Virgin-born! lift, lift ye Blind! your eyes;
 Sing, O ye Dumb! and, O ye Dead! arise;
 Tremble, ye Gates of hell! in noblest strains
 Tell it aloud, ye Heav'ns! the Saviour reigns!

Thus lonely thoughtful may I run the race
 Of transient life in no unuseful case;
 Enjoy each hour, nor as it fleets away
 Think life too short, and yet too long the day;
 Of right observant, while the soul attends
 Each duty, and makes heav'n and angels friends.

* The Holy Scriptures.

And thou, fair Peace! from the wild floods of war 200
Come dove-like, and thy blooming olive bear.
'Tell me, ye Victors! what strange charms ye find
In conquest, that destruction of mankind?

Unenvy'd may your laurels ever grow
That never flourish but in human woe, 205
If never earth the wreath triumphal bears
Till drench'd in heroes' blood or orphans' tears!

Let Ganges from afar to slaughter train
His sable warriors on the embattled plain;
Let Volga's sons in iron squadrons rise, 210
And pour in millions from her frozen skies;
Thou, gentle Thames! flow thou in peaceful streams;
Bid thy bold sons restrain their martial flames:
In thy own laurels' shade, great Marlborough! stay,
There charm the thoughts of conquer'd worlds away.
Guardian of England! born to scourge her foes, 216
Speak, and thy word gives half the world repose.

Sink down, ye Hills! eternal Rocks subside!
Vanish, ye Forts! thou, Ocean! drain thy tide;
We safely boast defended by thy fame 220
And armies—in the terror of thy name!
Now fix o'er Anna's throne thy victor blade;
War, be thou chain'd! ye Streams of Blood, be stay'd!
Tho' wild Ambition her just vengeance feels,
She wars to save, and where she strikes she heals. 225

So Pallas with her jav'lin smote the ground,
And peaceful olives flourish'd from the wound. 227

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A LADY AND HER LOOKING-GLASS

While she had the Greensickness.

THE gay Ophelia view'd her face
In the clear crystal of her Glass;
The lighting from her eye was fled,
Her cheek was pale, the roses dead.

Then thus Ophelia with a frown—

“Art thou, false Thing! perfidious grown?”

“I never could have thought, I swear,

“To find so great a slander there.

“False Thing! thy malice I defy;

“Beaux vow I'm fair—who never lie.

“More brittle far than brittle thou

“Would ev'ry grace of woman grow

“If charms so great so soon decay,

“The bright possession of a day!

“But this I know, and this declare,

“That thou art false, and I am fair.”

The Glass was vex'd to be bely'd,

And thus with angry tone reply'd:

“No more to me of falsehood talk,

“But leave your oatmeal and your chalk.

“'Tis true you're meagre, pale, and wan;

“The reason is you're sick for man.”

While yet it spoke Ophelia frown'd,
 And dash'd th' offender to the ground;
 With fury from her arm it fled,
 And round a glitt'ring ruin spread;
 When lo! the parts pale looks disclose;
 Pale looks in ev'ry fragment rose:
 Around the room instead of one
 An hundred pale Ophelias shone;
 Away the frighted virgin flew,
 And humbled, from herself withdrew.

Ye Beaux! who tempt the fair and young
 With snuff and nonsense, dance and song;
 Ye Men of compliment and lace!
 Behold this image in the Glass;
 The wondrous force of flatt'ry prove
 To cheat fond virgins into love:
 Tho' pale the cheek, yet swear it glows
 With the vermilion of the rose;
 Praise them—for praise is always true,
 Tho' with both eyes the cheat they view.
 From hateful truths the virgin flies,
 But the false sex is caught with lies.

POVERTY AND POETRY.

T WAS sung of old how one Amphion
 Could by his verses tame a lion,
 And by his strange enchanting tunes
 Make bears or wolves dance rigadoons.

His songs could call the timber down,
 And form it into house or town;
 But it is plain that in these times
 No house is rais'd by poets' rhymes;
 They for themselves can only rear
 A few wild castles in the air:
 Poor are the brethren of the bays
 Down from high strains to ekes and ayes.
 The Muses too are virgins yet,
 And may be—till they portions get.

Yet still the doting rhymers dream,
 And sing of Hélicon's bright streams;
 But Hélicon, for all his clatter,
 Yields only uninspiring water.
 Yet ev'n athirst he sweetly sings
 Of nectar and Elysian springs.

What dire malignant planet sheds,
 Ye Bards! his influence on your heads?
 Lawyers by endless controversies
 Consume unthinking clients' purses;
 As Pharaoh's kine, which strange and odd is,
 Devour'd the plump and well-fed bodies.
 The grave physician, who by physick,
 Like Death, dispatches him that is sick,
 Pursues a sure and thriving trade;
 Tho' patients die the doctor's paid:
 Licens'd to kill, he gains a palace
 For what another mounts the gallows.

In shady groves the Muses stray,
 And love in flow'ry meads to play;
 An idle crew! whose only trade is
 To shine in trifles, like our ladies;
 In dressing, dancing, toying, singing,
 While wiser Pallas thrives by spinning:
 Thus they gain nothing to bequeath
 Their vot'ries but a laurel wreath. 40

But Love rewards the bard; the fair
 Attend his song and ease his care.
 Alas! fond Youth! your plea you urge ill
 Without a jointure, tho' a Virgil.
 Could you like Phœbus sing, in vain
 You nobly swell the lofty strain: 45
 Coy Daphne flies; and you will find as
 Hard hearts as her's in your Belindas.

But then some say you purchase fame,
 And gain that envy'd prize, a Name:
 Great recompense! like his who sells
 A diamond for beads and bells.
 Will fame be thought sufficient bail
 To keep the poet from the jail? 50

Thus the brave soldier in the wars
 Gets empty praise and aking scars;
 Is paid with fame and wooden legs,
 And starv'd the glorious vagrant begs. 58

THE COMPLAINT.

CELIA TO DAMON.

I Who was once the glory of the plain,
 The fairest virgin of the virgin train,
 Am now (by thee, O faithless Man! betray'd)
 A fall'n, a lost, a miserable maid!
 Ye Winds! that witness to my deep despair,
 Receive my sighs, and waft them thro' the air,
 And gently breathe them to my Damon's ear!
 Curs'd, ever curs'd, be that unlucky day
 When trembling, sighing, at my feet he lay!
 I trembled, sigh'd, and look'd my heart away.
 Why was he form'd, ye Pow'rs! his sex's pride,
 Too false to love, too fair to be deny'd?
 Ye heedless Virgins! gaze not on his eyes;
 Lovely they are, but she that gazes dies!
 O fly his voice, be deaf to all he says!
 Charms has his voice, but charming it betrays!
 At ev'ry word, each motion of his eye,
 A thousand loves are born, a thousand lovers die.
 Say, gentle Youths! ye bless'd Arcadian swains,
 Inhabitants of these delightful plains,
 Say by what fountain, in what rosy bow'r,
 Reclines my charmer in the noontide hour?
 To you, dear Fugitive! where'er you stray,
 Wild with despair, impatient of delay,

Swift on the wings of eager love I fly,
 Or send my soul still swifter in a sigh:
 I'd then inform you of your Cælia's cares,
 And try the eloquence of female tears:
 Fearless I'd pass where Desolation reigns;
 Tread the wild waste, or burning Libyan plains;
 Or where the North his furious pinions tries,
 And howling hurricanes embroil the skies:
 Should all the monsters in Getulia bred
 Oppose the passage of a tender maid,
 Dauntless if Damon calls his Cælia speeds
 Thro' all the monsters that Getulia breeds:
 Bold was Bonduca, and her arrows flew
 Swift and unerring from the twanging yew:
 By love inspir'd I'll teach the shaft to fly;
 For thee I'd conquer, on at least would die:
 If o'er the dreary Caucasus you go,
 Or mountains crown'd with everlasting snow,
 Where thro' the freezing skies in storms it pours,
 And brightens the dull air with shining showers;
 Ev'n there with you I could securely rest,
 And dare all cold but in my Damon's breast:
 Or should you dwell beneath the sultry rays
 Where rising Phœbus ushers in the day,
 There, there I dwell! Thou, Sun! exert thy fires;
 Love, mighty Love! a fiercer flame inspires:
 Or if a pilgrim, you would pay your vows
 Where Jordan's streams in soft meanders flows,

I'll be a pilgrim, and my vows I'll pay
 Where Jordan's streams in soft meanders play.
 Joy of my soul! my ev'ry wish in one!
 Why must I love, when loving I'm undone?
 Sweet are the whispers of the waving trees
 And murm'ring waters curling to the breeze;
 Sweet are soft slumbers in the shady bow'rs
 When glowing suns infest the sultry hours:
 But not the whispers of the waving trees,
 Nor murm'ring waters curling to the breeze;
 Not sweet soft slumbers in the shady bow'rs
 When thou art absent, whom my soul adores!
 Come, let us seek some flow'ry fragrant bed;
 Come, on thy bosom rest my lovesick head;
 Come, drive thy flocks beneath the shady hills,
 Or softly slumber by the murm'ring rills.
 Ah! no; he flies; that dear enchanting he
 Whose beauty steals my very self from me!
 Yet wert thou wont the garland to prepare
 To crown with fragrant wreaths thy Cælia's hair;
 When to the lyre she tun'd the vocal lays
 Thy tongue wou'd flatter and thine eyes speak praise;
 And when smooth-gliding in the dance she mov'd,
 Ask thy false bosom if it never lov'd?
 And still her eye some little lustre bears,
 If swains speak truth—tho' dimm'd for thee with
 But fade each grace, since he no longer sees
 Those charms for whom alone I wish to please!

But whence these sudden sad presaging fears?
 These rising sighs, and whence these flowing tears?
 Ah! lest the trumpet's terrible alarms
 Have drawn the lover from his Cælia's charms
 To try the doubtful field, and shine in azure arms!
 Ah! canst thou bear the labours of the war,
 Bend the tough bow, or dart the pointed spear?
 Desist, fond Youth! let others glory gain,
 Seek empty honour o'er the surgy main,
 Or sheath'd in horrid arms rush dreadful to the
 Thee, Shepherd! thee the pleasurable woods,
 The painted meadows and the crystal floods,
 Claim and invite to bless their sweet abode,
 There shady bow'rs and sylvan scenes arise,
 There fountains murmur, and the spring supplies
 Flow'rs to delight the finell or charm the eyes
 But mourn, ye sylvan Scenes and shady Bow'rs!
 Weep all ye Fountains! languish all ye Flow'rs!
 If in a desert Damon but appear,
 To Cælia's eyes a desert is more fair
 Than all your charms when Damon is not there!
 Gods! what soft words, what sweet delusive wiles,
 He boasts! and oh! those dear undoing smiles!
 Pleas'd with our ruin to his arms we run
 To be undone by him who would not be undone?
 Alas! I rave. Ye swelling Torrents! roll
 Your wat'ry tribute o'er my lovesick soul:
 Dye

To cool my heart your waves, ye Oceans! bear:
 Oh! vain are all your waves, for Love is there!
 But ah! what sudden thought to frenzy moves
 My tortured soul?—Perhaps my Damon loves:
 Some fatal beauty yielding all her charms
 Detains the lovely traitor from my arms.
 Blast her, ye Skies! let instant vengeance seize
 Those guilty charms, whose crime it is to please!
 Damon is mine!—Fond Maid! thy fears subdue:
 Am I not jealous, and my charmer true?
 O Heaven! from jealousy my bosom save,
 Cruel as Death, insatiate as the grave!

Ye Powers! of all the ills that ever curst
 Our sex sure man, dissembling Man! is worst.
 Like froward boys, a while in wanton play
 He sports with hearts, then throws the toys away.
 With specious wiles weak woman he assails,
 He swears, weeps, smiles, he flatters, and prevails.
 Then in the moment when the maid believes
 The perjur'd traitor triumphs, scorns, and leaves.
 How oft my Damon swore th' all-seeing sun
 Should change his course, and rivers backward run,
 Ere his fœd heart should range, or faithless prove
 To the bright object of his steadfast love!
 O! instant change thy course, all-seeing sun!
 Damon is false; ye Rivers! backward run.

But die, O wretched Cælia! die. In vain
 Thus to the fields and floods you breathe your pain.

The tear is fruitless, and the tender sigh,
 And life a load.—Forsaken Cælia! die.
 Fly swifter, Time! O speed the joyful hour
 Receive me, Grave!—then I shall love no more.
 Ah! wretched Maid! so sad a cure to prove;
 Ah! wretched Maid! to fly to Death from Love.
 Yet oh! when this poor frame no more shall live,
 Be happy, Damon! may not Damon grieve?
 Ah me! I'm vain: my death cannot appear
 Worth the vast price of but a single tear.
 Forlorn, abandon'd, to the rocks I go,
 But they have learn'd new cruelties of you:
 Alone relenting Echo with me mourns,
 And faint with grief she scarce my sighs returns.
 Then Sighs adieu! ye nobler Passions rise!
 Be wise, fond Maid!—but who in love is wise?
 I rage, I rail, the extremes of anger prove;
 Nay, almost hate—then love thee beyond love
 Pity, kind Heav'n! and right an injur'd maid!
 Yet oh! yet spare the dear deceiver's head!
 If from the sultry suns at noontide hours
 He seeks the covert of the breezy bow'rs
 Awake, O South! and where my chamber lies
 Bid roses bloom and beds of fragrance rise;
 Gently, O gently! round in whispers fly,
 Sigh to his sighs, and fan the glowing fly.
 If o'er the waves he cuts the liquid way,
 Be still, ye Waves! or round his vessel play.

And you, ye Winds! confine each ruder breath; on T
Lie hush'd in silence and be calm as death: 166
But if he stay detain'd by adverse gales,
My sighs shall drive the ship and fill the flagging sails.

ON THE DEATH OF MY DEAR FRIEND

MR. ELIJAH FENTON, 1730.

Calentem
"Debita sparges lacrymas stillantem
"Vatis amici."

HOR.

As when the King of Peace and Lord of Love
Sends down some brighter angel from above,
Pleas'd with the beauties of the heav'nly guest
A while we view him in full glory dress'd;
But he, impatient from his heaven to stay,
Soon disappears, and wings his airy way:
So didst thou vanish, eager to appear
And shine triumphant in thy native sphere.

Yet hadst thou all that Virtue can bestow,
All the good practise and the learned know,
Such holy rapture as not warms but fires,
While the soul seems retiring or retires:
Such transports as those saints in vision share
Who know not whether they are rapt thro' air
Or bring down Heav'n to meet them in a pray'r.

O early lost! yet steadfast to survey
 Envy, disease, and death, without dismay;
 Serene, the sting of pain thy thoughts beguile,
 And make afflictions objects of a smile:
 So the fam'd Patriarch on his couch of stone,
 Enjoy'd bright visions from the eternal throne. [pleas'd,
 But this wean'd from earth, where pleasure scarce can
 Thy woes but hasten'd thee to heav'n and peace;
 As angry winds, when loud the tempest roars,
 More swiftly speed the vessel to the shores.

O may these lays a lasting lustre shed
 O'er thy dark urn, like lamps that grate the dead!
 Strong were thy thoughts, yet reason bore the sway;
 Humble yet learn'd, tho' innocent yet gay;
 So pure of heart, that thou might'st safely show
 Thy inmost bosom to thy basest foe;
 Careless of wealth, thy bliss a calm retreat,
 Far from the insults of the scornful great;
 Thence looking with disdain on proudest things,
 Thou deem'dst mean the pageantry of kings,
 Who build their pride on trappings of a throne,
 A painted riband or a glitt'ring stone,
 Uselessly bright! It was thine the soul to raise,
 To nobler objects, such as angels praise;
 To live to mortals' empty fame a foe,
 And pity human joy and human woe;

* The gout.

To view ev'n splendid Vice with gen'rous hate;
 In life unblemish'd, and in death sedate;
 Then conscience, shining with a lenient ray,
 Dawn'd o'er thy soul, and promis'd endless day;
 So from the setting orb of Phoebus fly
 Beams of calm light, and glitter to the sky.

Where now, O! where shall I true friendship find
 Among the treach'rous race of base mankind?
 Whom, whom consult in all th' uncertain ways
 Of various life, sincere to blame or praise?
 O Friend! O! falling in thy strength of years,
 Warm from the melting soul receive these tears!
 O Woods! O Wilds! O ev'ry how'ry Shade!
 So often vocal by his musick made,
 Now other sounds—far other sounds! return,
 And o'er his herse with all your echoes mourn!
 Yet dare we grieve that soon the paths he trod
 To heav'n, and left vain man for saints and God?

Thus in the theatre the scenes unfold
 A thousand wonders glorious to behold,
 And here or there as the machine extends
 A hero rises or a god descends;
 But soon the momentary pleasure flies,
 Swift vanishes the god, or hero dies.
 Where were ye, Muses! by what fountain side,
 What river, sporting when your fav'rite dy'd?
 He knew by verse to chain the headlong floods,
 Silence loud winds, or charm attentive woods;

Nor deign'd but to high themes * to tune the string,
 To such as Heav'n might hear and angels sing: 71
 Unlike those bards who, uninform'd to play,
 Grate on their jarring pipes a flashy lay,
 Each line display'd united strength and ease,
 Form'd like his manners to instruct and please, 75

So herbs of balmy excellence produce
 A blooming flow'r and salutary juice;
 And while each plant a smiling grace reveals,
 Usefully gay, at once it charms and heals.
 Transcend ev'n after death, ye Great! in show, 80
 Lend pomp to ashes, and be vain in woe;
 Bid substitutes to mourn with formal cries,
 And bid unwilling drops from venal eyes;
 While here sincerity of grief appears,
 Silence that speaks, and eloquence in tears; 85
 While tir'd of life we but consent to live
 To show the world how really we grieve.
 As some fond fire whose only son lies dead,
 All left to comfort makes the dust his bed,
 Hangs o'er his urn, with frantick grief deplor'd, 90
 And bathes his clay-cold cheek with copious show'rs;
 Such heart-felt pangs on thy sad bier attend,
 Compassion! Brother! all in one—my Friend!
 Unless the soul a wound eternal bears,
 Sighs are but air, but common water tears; 95
 The proud relentless weep in state, and show
 Not sorrow, but magnificence of woe.

* Mr. Fenton intended to write upon moral subjects.

Thus in the fountain from the sculptor's hands
 With imitated life an image stands;
 From rocky entrails thro' his stony eyes
 The mimic tears in streams incessant rise
 Unconscious, while aloft the waters flow
 The gazers' wonder and a publick show.

Ye hallow'd Domes! his frequent visits tell,
 Thou court where God himself delights to dwell;
 Thou Mystick Table and thou holy Feast!
 How often have ye seen the sacred guest
 How oft' his soul with heav'nly manna fed,
 His faith enliven'd, while his sin lay dead
 While list'ning angels heard such raptures rise
 As when they hymn th' Almighty charm the skies.
 But where, now where, without the body said,
 New to the heav'ns, subsists thy gentle shade?
 Glides it beyond our gross imperfect sky,
 Pleas'd high o'er stars from world to world to fly,
 And fearless marks the comet's dreadful blaze
 While monarchs quake and trembling nations gaze?
 Or holds deep converse with the mighty dead,
 Champions of virtue, who for virtue bled?
 Or joins in consort with angelick choirs,
 Where hymning seraphs sound their golden lyres,
 Where raptur'd saints unfading crowns in wreath,
 Triumphant o'er the world, o'er sin and death
 O may the thought his friend's devotion raise
 O may he imitate as well as praise.

* Mr. Fenton intended to write upon these subjects.

Awake, my heavy Soul! and upward fly,
 Speak to the saint, and meet him in the sky,
 And ask the certain way to rise as high. 128

ON THE
 BIRTHDAY OF A GENTLEMAN

WHEN THREE YEARS OLD.

Awake, sweet Babe! the sun's emerging ray,
 That gave you birth renews the happy day:
 Calmly serene, and glorious to the view,
 He marches forth, and strives to look like you.

Fair Beauty's Bud! when time shall stretch thy span,
 Confirm thy charms, and ripen thee to man,
 What plenteous fruits thy blossoms shall produce,
 And yield not barren ornament but use!
 Ev'n now thy spring a rich increase prepares
 To crown thy ripen growth and manly years. 10

Thus in the kernel's intricate disguise
 In miniature a little orchard lies;
 The fibrous labyrinths by just degrees
 Stretch their swol'n cells, replete with future trees;
 By time evolv'd the spreading branches rise, 15
 Yield their rich fruits, and shoot into the skies.

O lovely Babe! what lustre shall adorn
 Thy noon of beauty when so bright thy morn?
 Shine forth advancing with a brighter ray,
 And may no vice o'ercloud thy future day! 20

With nobler aims instruct thy soul to glow;
 Than those gay trifles titles, wealth, and show;
 May valour, wisdom, learning, crown thy days;
 Those fools admire---these Heav'n and angels praise*.

With riches blest to Heav'n those riches lend, 25
 The poor man's guardian and the good man's friend:
 Bid virtuous Sorrow smile, scorn'd Merit cheer,
 And o'er Affliction pour the gen'rous tear.
 Some, wildly lib'ral, squander, not bestow,
 And give unprais'd, because they give for show: 30
 To sanctify thy wealth on worth employ
 Thy gold, and to a blessing turn the toy.
 Thus off'rings from th' unjust pollute the skies;
 The good turn smoke into a sacrifice.

ADDITION.

* To brace the mind to dignity of thought,
 To emulate what godlike Tully wrote,
 Be this thy early wish! The garden breeds,
 If unimprov'd, at least but gaudy weeds;
 And stubborn youth, by culture unsubstu'd,
 Lies wildly barren or but gayly rude:
 Yet as some Phidias gives the marble life,
 While Art with Nature holds a dubious strife,
 Adorns a rock with graces not its own,
 And calls a Venus from the rugged stone;
 So culture aids the human soul to rise,
 To scorn the sordid earth and mount the skies,
 Till by degrees the noble guest refines,
 Claims her high birthright, and divinely shines.

As when an artist plans a fav'rite draught, 35
 The structures rise responsive to the thought,
 A palace grows beneath his forming hands,
 Or worthy of a god a temple stands:
 Such is thy rising frame, by Heav'n design'd
 A temple worthy of a godlike mind; 40
 Nobly adorn'd, and finish'd to display
 A fuller beam of Heav'n's ethereal ray.

May all thy charms increafe, O lovely Boy!
 Spare them, ye Pains! and age alone destroy!
 So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be 45
 A child the god might boast to look like thee!
 When young: Jūls' form he deign'd to wear
 Such were his smiles, and such his winning air.
 Ev'n Venus might mistake thee for her own
 Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her son; 50
 Thence all the lightning of thy mother's lies,
 A Cupid grac'd with Cytherea's eyes!
 Yet ah! how short a date the Pow'rs decree
 To that bright frame of beauties and to thee!
 Pass a few days and all those beauties fly! 55
 Pass a few years and thou, alas! shalt die;
 Then all thy kindred, all thy friends, shall see,
 With tears, what now thou art, and they must be;
 A pale, cold, lifeless, lump of earth deplore:
 Such shalt thou be, and kings shall be no more. 60
 But oh! when ripe for death Fate calls thee hence,
 Sure lot of ev'ry mortal excellence;

When, pregnant as the womb, the teeming earth
 Relinquish thee quicken'd to thy second birth,
 Rise cloth'd with beauties that shall never die,
 A saint on earth, an angel in the sky! 66

ON THE BIRTHDAY

OF MR. ROBERT TREFUSIS,

*Being three Years old March 22. 1710-11.**

WHY, lovely Babe! does slumber seal your eyes?
 See, fair Aurora blushes in the skies:
 The sun which gave you birth in bright array
 Begins his course, and ushers in the day:
 Calmly serene, and glorious to the view,
 He marches forth, and strives to look like you.
 Fair Beauty's Bud! when time shall stretch thy span,
 Confirm thy charms, and ripen thee to man,
 How shall each swain, each beauteous nymph, complain!
 For love each nymph, for envy ev'ry swain!
 What matchless charms shall thy full noon adorn!
 When so admir'd, so glorious, is thy morn!
 So glorious is thy morn of life begun
 That all to thee with admiration run,
 Turn Persians, and adore the rising sun! 67

* The following poem is on the same subject with the preceding, but differs from it materially. It is apparently the original one, and preserves the name and date: the other is enlarged, and more highly polished. We print it from the fourth volume of Nichol's Collection of Poems published in 1780.

So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
 A child, as poets say, sure thou art he.
 Fair Venus would mistake thee for her own
 Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her son;
 There all the lightnings of thy mother's shine,
 Their radiant glory and their sweetness join
 To shew their fatal pow'r and all their charms in
 If send Narcissus in the crystal flood
 A form like thine, O lovely Infant! view'd,
 Well might the flame the pining youth destroy:
 Excess of beauty justify'd the boy.

ON A FLOWER

WHICH BELINDA GAVE ME FROM HER BOSOM.

O Lovely offspring of the May!
 Whence flow thy balmy odours say?
 Such odours—not the orient boasts,
 Tho' Paradise adorn'd the coasts.
 O! sweeter than each Flow'r that blooms
 This fragrance from thy bosom comes.
 Thence, thence, such sweets are spread abroad
 As might be incense for a god!
 When Venus stood conceal'd from view
 Her son the latent * goddess knew.

* Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
 Spiraute.

Such sweets breath'd round! and thus we know
Our other Venus here below.

But see, my Fairest! see this Flow'r,
This short-liv'd beauty of an hour! —
Such are thy charms! — yet zephyrs bring

The Flow'r to bloom again in spring;
But beauty when it once declines

No more to warm the lover's thine;
Alas! incessant speeds the day

When thou shalt be but common clay! —
When I who now adore may see

And ev'n with horror start from thee!

But ere, sweet Gift! thy grace consumes
Show thou my fair one how she blooms;
Pursue thy charms — and then declare

Thyself less sweet, thyself less fair;
Then sudden by a swift decay

Let all thy beauties fade away,
And let her in thy glass decay

How Youth and how frail Beauty die.

Ah! turn, my Charmer! turn thy eyes;
See how at once it fades, it dies!

While thine — it gayly pleas'd the view,
Unfaded as before it grew,

Now from thy bosom doom'd to stray
'Tis only beauteous in decay.

So the sweet smelling Indian Flow'rs,
Griev'd when they leave those happier shores,
Sicken and die away in ours:

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So flow'rs in Eden fond to blow
In Paradise would only grow.

40

Nor wonder, Fairest! to survey
The Flow'r so suddenly decay.

Too cold thy breast; nor can it grow*
Between such little hills of snow,

45

I now, vain Infidel! no more
Deride th' Egyptians, who adore
The rising herb and blooming Flow'r:
Now, now, their convert I will be,
O lovely Flow'r! to worship thee.

50

But if thou'rt one of their sad train
Who dy'd for love and cold disdain,
Who, chang'd by some kind pitying pow'r,
A lover once †, art now a Flow'r,
O pity me! O weep my care!
A thousand thousand pains I bear:
I love, I die, thro' deep despair!

55

57

ON A MISCHIEVOUS WOMAN.

From peace and social joy Medusa flies,
And loves to hear the storm of anger rise.
Thus hags and witches hate the smiles of day,
Sport in loud thunder, and in tempests play.

4

VARIATION.

* ———how could it grow?

† See Ovid's Metamorph.

E 11

THE ROSEBUD.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LADY JANE WHARTON.

QUEEN of Fragrance, lovely Rose!
 The beauties of thy leaves disclose;
 The winter's past, the tempests fly,
 Soft gales breathe gently thro' the sky;
 The lark sweet warbling on the wing
 Salutes the gay return of spring;
 The silver dews, the vernal show'rs,
 Call forth a bloomy waste of flow'rs;
 The joyous fields, the shady woods,
 Are cloath'd with green or swell with buds: 10
 Then haste thy beauties to disclose,
 Queen of Fragrance, lovely Rose!
 Thou, beauteous Flow'r! a welcome guest,
 Shalt flourish on the fair one's breast,
 Shalt grace her hand or deck her hair, 15
 The flow'r most sweet! the nymph most fair!
 Breathe soft, ye Winds! be calm, ye Skies!
 Arise, ye Flow'ry Race! arise,
 And haste thy beauties to disclose,
 Queen of Fragrance, lovely Rose! 20
 But thou, fair Nymph! thyself survey
 In this sweet offspring of a day.
 That miracle of face must fail;
 Thy charms are sweet, but charms are frail:

Swift as the short-liv'd flow'r they fly;
 At morn they bloom; at ev'ning die;
 Tho' sickness yet a while forbears,
 Yet time destroys what sickness spares.
 Now Helen lives alone in fame,
 And Cleopatra's but a name.

30

Time must indent that heav'nly brow,
 And thou must be what they are now.

This moral to the fair disclose,
 Queen of Fragrance, lovely Rose!

34

THE COQUETTE.

SILLIA with uncontested sway
 Like Rome's fam'd tyrant reigns,
 Beholds adoring crowds obey,
 And heroes proud to wear her chains,
 Yet stoops like him to ev'ry prize,
 Busy to murder beaux and flies.

36

She aims at ev'ry trifling heart,
 Attends each flatterer's vows,
 And like a picture drawn with art,
 A look on all that gaze bestows.
 O! may the pow'r who lovers rules
 Grant rather scorn than hope with fools!

38

Mistaken Nymph! the crowds that gaze
 Adore thee into shame;

Unguarded beauty is disgrace,
 And coxcombs when they praise defame.
 O! fly such brutes in human shapes,
 Nor like th' Egyptians worship apes! 18

03

COURAGE IN LOVE.

My eyes with floods of tears o'erflow,
 My bosom heaves with constant woe;
 Those eyes which thy unkindness swells,
 That bosom where thy image dwells!

How could I hope so weak a flame
 Could ever warm that matchless dame,
 When none Elysium must behold
 Without a radiant bough of gold?
 'Tis her's in spheres to shine;
 At distance to admire is mine;
 Doom'd like th' enamour'd youth* to groan
 For a new goddess form'd of stone.

While thus I spoke Love's gentle pow'r
 Descended from th' ethereal bow'r;
 A quiver at his shoulder hung,
 A shaft he grasp'd, and bow unstrung;
 All Nature own'd the genial god,
 And the spring flourish'd where he trod:
 My heart, no stranger to the guest,
 Flutter'd and labour'd in my breast; 20

* Polydorus, who pined to death for the love of a beautiful statue.

When with a smile that kindles joy
Ev'n in the gods began the boy:

"How vain these tears! is man decreed

"By being abject to succeed?

"Hop'st thou by meagre looks to move? 25

"Are women frighten'd into love?

"He most prevails who nobly dares;

"In love an hero as in wars:

"Ev'n Venus may be known to yield,

"But it is when Mars disputes the field. 30

"Sent from a daring hand my dart

"Strikes deep into the fair one's heart.

"To winds and waves thy cares bequeath;

"A sigh is but a waste of breath.

"What tho' gay youth and ev'ry grace 35

"That beauty boasts adorn her face?

"Yet goddesses have deign'd to wed,

"And take a mortal to their bed;

"And Heav'n when gifts of incense rise

"Accepts it tho' it cloud their skies. 40

"Mark how this marygold conceals

"Her beauty and her bosom vells;

"How from the dull embrace she flies

"Of Phœbus when his beams arise,

"But when his glory he displays, 45

"And darts around his fiercer rays,

"Her charms she opens, and receives

"The vig'rous god into her leaves. 48

THE PARTING,

A SONG,

Set by Dr. Tudway, Professor of Musick in Cambridge.

WHEN from the plains Belinda fled
 The sad Amintor sigh'd,
 And thus while streams of tears he shed
 The mournful shepherd cry'd;
 "Move slow, ye Hours! thou, Time! delay;
 "Prolong the bright Belinda's stay;
 "But you, like her, my pray'r deny,
 "And cruelly away ye fly. 8
 "Yet tho' she flies she leaves behind
 "Her lovely image in my mind:
 "O fair Belinda! with me stay,
 "Or take thy image too away. 12
 "See how the fields are gay around,
 "How painted flow'rs adorn the ground!
 "As if the fields as well as I
 "Were proud to please my fair one's eye. 16
 "But now, ye Fields! no more be gay;
 "No more, ye Flowers! your charms display;
 "'Tis desert all now you are fled,
 "And Paradise is where you tread. 20

Unmov'd the virgin flies his cares
 To shine at court and play;
 To lonely shades the youth repairs
 To weep his life away. 24

TO THOMAS MARIOT, ESQ.

I Prefix your name to the following poem as a monument of the long and sincere friendship I have borne you. I am sensible you are too good a judge of poetry to approve it; however, it will be a testimony of my respect. You conferred obligations upon me very early in life, almost as soon as I was capable of receiving them. May these Verses on Death long survive my own, and remain a memorial of our friendship and my gratitude when I am no more.

WILLIAM BROOME.

A POEM ON DEATH.

Τὴς οὐδεν εἰ τὸ ζῆν μὲν ἐστὶ καρθαρὸν,
 Τὸ καρθαρεῖν δὲ ζῆν. EURIP.

O For Elijah's car to wing my way
 O'er the dark gulf of Death to endless day!
 A thousand ways, alas! frail mortals lead
 To her dire den, and dreadful all to tread
 See! in the horrors of yon' house of woe
 Troops of all maladies the fiend enclose!

High on a trophy rais'd of human bones,
 Swords, spears, and arrows, and sepulchral stones,
 In horrid state she reigns! attendant ill
 Besiege her throne, and when she frowns she kills.
 Thro' the thick gloom the torch red-gleaming burns
 O'er shrouds, and sable palls, and mould'ring urns;
 While flowing stoles, black plumes, and scutcheons;
 An idle pomp around the silent dead. [spread
 Unaw'd by pow'r, in common heaps she flings
 The scrips of beggars and the crowns of kings.
 Here gales of sighs instead of breezes blow,
 And streams of tears for ever murmur flow:
 The mournful yew with solemn horror waves,
 His baleful branches sadd'ning ev'n the graves:
 Around all birds obscene loud-screaming fly,
 Clang their black wings, and shriek along the sky:
 The ground perverse, tho' bare and barren breeds
 All poisons foes to life, and noxious weeds;
 But blasted frequent by th' unwholesome sky
 Dead fall the birds, the very poisons die!

Full in the entrance of the dreadful doors
 Old Age half vanish'd to a ghost deplores;
 Propp'd on his crutch he drags with many a groan
 The load of life, yet dreads to lay it down.
 There, downward driving an unnumber'd band,
 Intemp'rance and Disease walk hand in hand;
 These Torment, whirling with remorseless sway
 A scourge of iron, lashes on the way.

There frantick Anger, prone to wild extremes, 33
 Grasps an ensanguin'd sword, and heav'n blasphemes:
 There heart-sick Agony distorted stands,
 Writhes his convulsive limbs and wrings his hands:
 There Sorrow droops his over-pensive head,
 And Care still tosses on his iron bed, 40
 Or musing, fastens on the ground his eye
 With folded arms, with every breath a sigh:
 Hydrops unwieldly wallows in the flood,
 And Murder rages, red with human blood:
 With Fever, Famine, and afflictive Pain, 45
 Plague, Pestilence, and War, a dismal train!
 These and a thousand more the fiend surround,
 Shrieks pierce the air, and groans to groans resound.
 O heav'n! is this the passage to the skies
 That man must tread, when man your fav'rite dies?
 Oh for Elijah's car to wing my way 51
 O'er the dark gulf of Death to endless day!
 Confounded at the sight my spirits fled,
 My eyes rain'd tears, my very heart was dead!
 I wail'd the lot of man that all would shun, 55
 And all must bear that breathe beneath the sun.
 When lo! an heav'nly form, divinely fair,
 Shoots from the starry vault thro' fields of air,
 And swifter than on wings of lightning driv'n
 At once seems here and there, in earth and heav'n! 60
 A dazzling brightness in refulgent streams
 Flows from his locks in wreath'd with sunny beams;

His roseate cheeks the bloom of heav'n display,
 And from his eyes dart glories more that day;
 A robe of light condens'd around him shone, 65
 And his loins glitter'd with a starry zone;
 And while the list'ning winds lay hush'd to hear
 Thus spake the vision, amiably severe!

"Vain Man! wouldst thou escape the common lot;
 "To live, to suffer, die, and be forgot? 70
 "Look back on ancient times, primeval years,
 "All, all are past! a mighty void appears!
 "Heroes and kings, those gods of earth, whose fame
 "Aw'd half the nations, now are but a name!
 "The great in arts or arms, the wise, the just, 75
 "Mix with the meanest in congenial dust!
 "Ev'n saints and prophets the same paths have trod,
 "Ambassadors of Heav'n, and friends of God!
 "And thou, wouldst thou the gen'ral sentence fly!
 "Moses is dead! thy Saviour deign'd to die! 80
 "Mortal! in all thy acts regard thy end;
 "Live well the time thou liv'st; and Death is thy
 "Then curb each rebel thought against the Sky,
 "And die resign'd, O Man! ordain'd to die." 85

He added not, but spread his wings in flight,
 And vanish'd instant in a blaze of light.

Abash'd, ashamed, I cry, "Eternal Pow'r!
 "I yield; I wait resign'd th' appointed hour."
 Man, foolish Man! no more thy soul deceive;
 To die is but the surest way to live. 90

When age we ask we ask it in our wrong,
 And pray our time of suff'ring may be long.
 The nauseous draught and dregs of life to drain,
 And feel infirmity and length of pain.
 What art thou, Life! that we should court thy stay?
 A breath one single gasp must puff away! 96
 A short-liv'd flow'r that with the day must fade!
 A fleeting vapour and an empty shade!
 A stream that silently but swiftly glides
 To meet eternity's immeasur'd tides! 100
 A being lost alike by pain or joy!
 A fly can kill it or a worm destroy!
 Impair'd by labour and by ease undone,
 Commenc'd in tears and ended in a groan!
 Ev'n while I write the transient Now is past, 105
 And death more near this sentence than the last!
 As some weak isthmus seas from seas divides,
 Beat by rude waves and sapp'd by rushing tides,
 Torn from its base no more their fury bears,
 At once they close, at once it disappears: 110
 Such, such is life! the mark of misery plac'd
 Between two worlds, the future and the past:
 To time, to sickness, and to death, a prey,
 It sinks, the frail possession of a day!

As some fond boy, in sport, along the shore 115
 Builds from the sands a fabrick of an hour,
 Proud of his spacious walls and stately rooms
 He styles the mimic cells imperial domes,

The little monarch swells with fancy'd sway;
 Till some wind rising puffs the dome away; 120
 So the poor reptile Man! an heir of woe!
 The lord of earth and ocean! swells in show!
 He plants, he builds; aloft the walls arise;
 The noble plan he finishes, and—dies:
 Swept from the earth he shares the common fate, 125
 His sole distinction now to rot in state!
 Thus busy to no end till out of breath
 Tis'd we lie down, and close up all in death!

Then bless'd the man whom gracious Heav'n has
 Thro' life's blind mazes to th' immortal dead! 130
 Who safely landed on the blissful shore
 Nor human folly feels nor frailty more!
 O Death! thou cure of all our idle strife,
 End of the gay or serious farce of life!
 Wish of the just, and refuge of th' oppress'd! 135
 Where Poverty and where ev'n kings find rest!
 Safe from the frowns of Pow'r, calm thoughtful hate,
 And the rude insults of the scornful great,
 The grave is sacred! Wrath and Malice dread
 To violate its peace and wrong the dead. 140
 But, Life! thy name is Woe! to death we fly
 To grow immortal——into life we die!
 Then wisely Heav'n in silence has confin'd
 The happier dead, lest none should stay behind.
 What tho' the path be dark that must be trod, 145
 Tho' man be blotted from the works of God,

Tho' the four winds his scatter'd atoms bear
To earth's extremes thro' all th' expanse of air;
Yet bursting glorious from the silent clay
He mounts triumphant to eternal day. 150

So when the sun rolls down th' ethereal plain,
Exinct his splendours in the whelming main,
A transient night earth, air, and heav'n invades,
Eclips'd in horrors of surrounding shades,
But soon emerging with a fresher ray
He starts exultant, and renews the day. 156

PROLOGUE,

TO FENTON'S EXCELLENT TRAGEDY MARIAMNE:

WHEN breathing statues mould'ring waste away,
And tombs, unfaithful to their trust, decay,
The Muse rewards the suff'ring good with fame,
Or wakes the prosp'rous villain into shame;
To the stern tyrant gives fictitious pow'r,
To reign the restless monarch of an hour.

Obedient to her call this night appears
Great Herod rising from a length of years;
A name enlarg'd with titles not his own,
Servile to mount and savage on a throne;
Yet oft' a throne is dire Misfortune's seat,
A pompous wretchedness and woe in state!

But such the curse that from ambition springs! 10
 For this he slaughter'd half a race of kings;
 But now reviving in the British scene;
 He looks majestick with a milder mien;
 His features soften'd with the deep distress
 Of love, made greatly wretched by excess:
 From lust of pow'r to jealous fury tost;
 We see the tyrant in the lover lost. 20

O Love! thou source of mighty joy or woe!
 Thou softest friend, or man's most dang'rous foe!
 Fantastick Pow'r! what rage thy darts inspire *
 When too much beauty kindles too much fire!
 Those darts to jealous rage stern Herod drove; 25
 It was a crime, but crime of too much love.
 Yet if condemn'd he falls—with pitying eyes
 Behold his injur'd Mariamne rise!
 No fancy'd tale: our op'ning scenes disclose
 Historick truth, and swell with real woes. 30
 Awful in virtuous grief the queen appears,
 And strong the eloquence of royal tears;
 By woes ennobled, with majestick pace
 She meets misfortune, glorious in disgrace!

Small is the praise of beauty when it flies 33
 Fair Honour's laws; at best but lovely vice.
 Charms it like Venus with celestial air;
 Ev'n Venus is but scandalously fair;

VARIATION,

* What pangs, &c.

But when strict honour with fair features joins,
Like heat and light, at once it warms and shines. 40

Then let her fate your kind attention raise
Whose perfect charms were but her second praise *.
Beauty and Virtue your protection claim:
Give tears to Beauty, give to Virtue fame. 44

THE CONCLUSION OF AN EPILOGUE

To Mr Southern's last Play,

CALL'D MONEY THE MISTRESS.

THERE was a time when in his younger years
Our author's scenes commanded smiles or tears;
And tho' beneath the weight of days he bends,
Yet like the sun he shines as he descends: 4
Then with applause, in honour to his age,
Dismiss your vet'ran soldier off the stage †;
Crown his last exit with distinguish'd praise,
And kindly hide his baldness with the bays ‡. 8

VARIATIONS.

- * Then let her fate your just attention raise
Whose perfect graces were but second praise.
- † From the stage.
- ‡ Alluding to a vote of the Roman Senate, by which they
decreed Cæsar a crown of laurel to cover his baldness.

EPISTLES.

EPISTOLA

AD AMICUM RUSTICANTEM,

Scripta Vere ineunte Cantab. 1709.

Ecquid absenti tibi cura Grantæ?
 Ecquid antiqui memor es sodalis!

Chare permultis, mihi præter omnes,
 Chare, Georgi.

Cernis! ut mulcet levis aura campos!
 Ut rosâ dulci, violisque terram
 Flora depingit, Zephyrusque blandis
 Ventilat alis!

Tarde, quid cessas? Age Rozinantis
 Terga conscendas eques* ingementis.
 Tenè ruralis Galatrea duris
 Detinet Ulnis?

Digne succendi meliore flammâ! —
 Sive † Clarissam, Juvenumvè curam
 Philliden mavis, placeatvè, quondam
 Pulchra, Lycoris.

* Obeso fuit corpore.

† Tres elegantes apud Cantabrigiam Puellæ.

Tarde, quid cessas? tibi multa virgo
Splendidos lædit lacrymis ocellos,
Et tibi frustra ad speculum comarum
Circinat orbes!

Te frequens votis revocat sophistes,
Dum Johannensi madidus lyæo,
De tubis haurit, revomitque dulcem
Undique nubem.

Quin velis scribam quid habet novorum
Granta? Marlburus spoliis onustus,
Gallicas fudit propè † Scaldis undam
Strage Phalangas.

O! triumphalen gladium recondas!
Ite vos laurus sanie rubentes!
Sis memor pacis, viridique cingas
Tempora Myrso!

Huc ades divum atque hominum voluptas.
Mollè subridens, Venus! huc sorores
Gratiæ! longum vale O Minerva!
Aspera Virgo!

Barbaro tandem sacjata, ludo
Ægidem ponas, gladiumque; castam

† Juxta Aldenardum.

Virginem dirus gladius, feroxque
Dedit Ægis.

Flagitas nostræ quid agunt cæcæ?
Uror infelix! mihi me Belinda

Surripit! Collum O! niveum, O! Puella
Suave labellum!

Ah! ut obliquo aspiciens oculo
Torruit pectus?—neque tu furoris

Infcius blandi! tibi sevit inis
Flamma medullis!

Tu tamen felix! cohibere tristes
Tu potes curas! * Cerealis haustus

Est tibi, præsens relevare dolo
Pectora luctu.

Corticem astrictum pice cum reducis,
Audin' ingenti tonat ut boatu

Fumidus! summo ruit ut lagena
Spumeus ore!

Cernis! ut vitro nitet invidendo
Aureum nectar! comes it facetus

Cui locus, quocum Venus et Cupido
Spicula tingunt.

* Anglice, bottled etc.

Jam memor charæ, cyathum coronas,
 Virginis — plenum video! — ah! caveto
 Dextra pè quasset malè, dum laborat
 Pondere dulci! 64

Euge! — siccasti benè, fortiterque! —
 Hinc adest curæ medicina! suaves
 Hinc tibi somni, et tibi suaviora
 Somnia somnis! 68

Hos bibens succos, nihil invidetis
 Italis, quamvis cyathi Falerno
 Dulcè nigrescant, neque Gallicanæ
 Laudibus uræ! 72

Hæc Johanneusi latitans fuisse
 Grunio, scribens sitiente labro,
 Aut graves haustus, inimica Musis
 Pocula, ducor. 76

TO MRS. ELIZ. M—T,

ON HER PICTURE, MDCCXVI.

O Wondrous Art! that grace to shadows gives!
 By whose command the lovely phantom lives!
 Smiles with her smiles! the mimic eye insile
 A real frame! the fancy'd lightning kills!

Thus mirrors catch the love-inspiring face, ment may
And the new charmer grace returns for grace. V

Hence shall thy beauties, when no more appear D
Their fair possessor, shine a thousand years; P
By age uninjur'd future times adorn, B
And warm the hearts of millions yet unborn, age
Who gazing on the Portrait with a sigh, H
Shall grieve such perfect charms could ever die. H
How would they grieve if to such beauties join'd S
The paint could shew the wonders of thy mind!

O Virgin! born th'admiring world to grace, S
Transmit thy excellence to latest days; O
Yield to thy lover's vows, and then shall rise Y
A race of beauties conq'ring with thine eyes, A
Who reigning in thy charms from death shall save T
That lovely form, and triumph o'er the grave. S

Thus when thro' age the rose-tree's charms decay, A
When all her fading beauties die away, A
A blooming offspring fills the parent's place, P
With equal fragrance and with equal grace.

But ah! how short a date on earth is giv'n 25
To the most lovely workmanship of Heav'n!
Too soon that cheek must ev'ry charm resign,
And those love-darting eyes forget to shine; O
While thousands weeping round with sighs survey H
What once was you—now only beauteous clay! S
Ev'n from the canvas shall thy image fade, S
And thou reperish in thy perish'd shade!

Then may this Vessel for future ages show
One perfect beauty—such as thou art now
May it the graces of thy soul display
Till this world sinks; and sons themselves decay
When with immortal beauty thou shalt rise
To shine the loveliest angel in the skies

TO BELINDA,

ON HER SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

SURE never pain such beauty wore,
Or look'd so amiable before!
You graces give to a disease,
Adorn the pain, and make it please
Thus burning incense sheds perfume
Still fragrant as it still consumes
Nor can ev'n sickness, which disarms
All other nymphs, destroy your charms
A thousand beauties you can spare,
And still be fairest of the fair

But see! the pain begins to fly;
Tho' Venus bled she could not die;
See the new phoenix point her eyes;
And lovelier from her ashes rise
Thus roses when the storm is o'er
Draw beauties from th' inclement show'r.

Welcome, ye Hours! which thus repay
What envious Sickness stole away;

Welcome as those which kindly bring
 And usher in the joyous spring,—
 That to the smiling earth restore
 The beautiful herb and blooming flow'r,
 And give her all the charms she lost
 By wintry storms and hoary frost.

And yet how well did she sustain
 And greatly triumph o'er her pain!
 So flow'rs when blasting winds invade
 Breathe sweet, and beautifully fade.

Now in her cheeks and radiant eyes
 New blushes glow, new lightnings rise;
 Behold a thousand charms succeed,
 For which a thousand hearts must bleed!
 Brighter from her disease she shines,
 As fire the precious gold refines.

Thus when the silent grave becomes
 Pregnant with life as fruitful wombs,
 When the wide seas and spacious earth
 Resign us to our second birth,
 Our moulder'd frame, rebuilt, assumes
 New beauty, and for ever blooms,
 And crown'd with youth's immortal pride
 We angels rise who mortals dy'd.

What once was mine the form is now
 Drawn because from th' immortal now
 Welcome, ye Flowers, which the spring
 What envious sickness stole away;

TO BELINDA.

ON HER ARMOUR ENRICHED WITH
ARMS AND FLOWERS.

THE list'ning trees Amphion drew
To dance from hills whence once they grew,
But you express a pow'r more great;
The Flow'rs you draw not but create.

Behold your own creation rise
And smile beneath your radiant eyes:
'Tis beauty all, and yet receives
From you more graces than it gives.

But say, amid the softer charms
Of blooming Flow'rs what mean these Arms?
So round the fragrance of the rose
The pointed thorn to guard it grows.

But cruel you who thus employ
Both Arms and beauty to destroy!
So Venus marches to the fray
In armour formidably gay.

VARIATION.

* The lovely Flora paints the earth,
And calls the morning flow'rs to birth,
But you display a pow'r more great;
She calls forth flow'rs but you create.

It is a dreadful pleasing sight!
 The Flow'rs attract, the Arms affright:
 The Flow'rs with lively beauty bloom,
 The Arms denounce an instant doom.

20

Thus when the Britons in array,
 Their ensigns to the sun display,
 In the same flag are Lilies shown,
 And angry Lions sternly frown;
 On high the glitt'ring standard flies,
 And conquers all things—like your eyes.

26

TO BELINDA AT THE BATH.

WHILE in these fountains bright Belinda laves
 She adds new virtues to the healing waves:
 Thus in Bethesda's pool an angel stood,
 Bad the soft waters heal, and bless'd the flood:
 But from her eye such bright destruction flies,
 In vain they flow; for her the lover dies.

6

No more let Tagus boast, whose beds unfold
 A shining treasure of all-conqu'ring gold;
 No more the Po*, whose wand'ring waters stray
 In mazy errors thro' the starry way:
 Henceforth these springs superiour honours share;
 There Venus laves, but my Belinda here.

12

* "——Eridanum cernes in parte locatum coeli. Tull. in Ar-
 "Gurgite fidereo subterruit Orionz. Claud.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

CHARLES LORD CORNWALLIS,

*Baron of Eyre, Warden, Chief Justice, and Justice in Eyre
of all his Majesty's Forests, Chases, Parks and Warrens
on the south side of Trent.*

Μηνα ———— Οὐκ ἔστι, Λη. 170.

O Thou! whose virtues sanctify thy state,
O great without the vices of the great!
Form'd by a dignity of mind to please,
To think, to act, with elegance and ease *!
Say, wilt thou listen while I tune the string,
And sing to thee who gav'st me ease to sing?
Unskill'd in verse I haunt the silent grove,
Yet lowly shepherds sing to mighty Jove,
And mighty Jove attends the shepherds' vows;
And gracious what his supplicants ask bestows: 10
So by thy favour may the Muse be crown'd,
And plant her laurels in more fruitful ground;
The grateful Muse shall in return bestow
Her spreading laurels to adorn thy brow.

ADDITION.

* Firm to thy king and to thy country brave;
Loyal yet free; a subject, not a slave;
Say, &c.

Thus guarded by the tree of Jove a flow'r 15
Shoots from the earth, nor fears th' inclement show'r,
And when the fury of the storm is laid
Repays with sweets the hospitable shade.

Severe their lot who when they long endure
The wounds of Fortune late receive a cure! 20
Like ships in storms o'er liquid mountains tost,
Ere they are sav'd must almost first be lost;
But you with speed forbid Distress to grieve:
He gives by halves * who hesitates to give.

Thus when an angel views mankind distressed 25
He feels compassion pleading in his breast;
Instant the heav'nly guardian cleaves the skies,
And pleas'd to save on wings of lightning flies †.

Some the vain promises of courts betray,
And gayly straying they are pleas'd to stray: 30

ADDITION.

* Few know to ask or decently receive,
And fewer still with dignity to give:
If earn'd by flatt'ry gifts of highest price
Are not a bounty, but the pay of Vice.
Some wildly lavish yet no friend obtain,
Nor are they gen'rous, but absurd and vain.
Some give with surly pride and boist'rous hands,
As Jove pours rain in thunder o'er the lands.
When Merit pleads you meet it and embrace,
And give the favour lustre by the grace;
So Phoebus to his warmth a glory joins
Blessing the world, and while he blesses shines.

† The Lord Cornwallis in a most obliging manner recommended the Author to the Rectory of Pulham.

The flatt'ring nothing still deludes their eyes,
 Seems ever near, yet ever distant flies:
 As perspectives present the object nigh,
 Tho' far remov'd from the mistaking eye,
 Against our reason fondly we believe, 35

Affist the fraud, and teach it to deceive:
 As the faint traveller when night invades
 Sees a false light relieve the ambient shades,
 Pleas'd he beholds the bright delusion play,
 But the false guide shines only to betray; 40
 Swift he pursues, yet still the path mistakes,
 O'er dang'rous marshes or thro' thorny brakes;

Yet obstinate in wrong he toils to stray
 With many a weary stride o'er many a painful way.
 So man pursues the phantom of his brain,
 And buys his disappointment with his pain:
 At length when years invidiously destroy
 The pow'r to taste the long-expected joy,
 Then Fortune envious sheds her golden show'rs,
 Malignly smiles, and curses him with stores. 50

Thus o'er the urns of friends departed weep
 The mournful kindred, and fond vigils keep;
 Ambrosial ointments o'er their ashes shed,
 And scatter useless roses on the dead;
 And when no more avail the world's delights, 55
 The spicy odours and the solemn rites,
 With fruitless pomp they deck the senseless tombs,
 And waste profusely floods of vain perfumes. 60

MRS. ELIZABETH TOWNSHEND,

AFTERWARDS LADY CORNWALLIS,

*On her Picture at Rainham, drawn by Mr. Jarvis,
Painter to his Majesty.*

Εἶδος τ' ἰδὲ φένας.

Odyssey, Lib. xviii.

Ah, cruel hand! that could such pow'r employ
To teach the pictur'd beauty to destroy
Singly she charm'd before, but by his skill
The living beauty and her likeness kill!
Thus when in parts the broken mirrors fall
A face in all is seen and charms in all!

Think then, O Fairest of the fairer race!
What fatal beauties arm thy heav'nly face,
Whose very shadow can such flames inspire!
We see it is paint, and yet we feel it is fire.

See, with false life the lovely image glows,
And ev'ry wondrous grace transplanted shows;
Fatally fair the new creation reigns,
Charms in her shape, and multiplies our pains;
Hence the fond youth that ease by absence found
Views the dear form, and bleeds at ev'ry wound.

Thus the bright Venus, tho' to heaven she soared,
 Reign'd in her image, by the world ador'd.
 O wondrous pow'r of mingled light and shades!
 Where beauty with dumb eloquence persuades;
 Where passions are beheld in Picture wrought,
 And animated colours look a thought;
 Rare Art! on whose command all Nature waits!
 It copies all Omnipotence creates;
 Here crown'd with mountains earth expanded lies,
 There the proud seas with all their billows rise. 26
 If life be drawn, responsive to the thought
 The breathing figures live throughout the draught;
 The mimic bird in skies fictitious moves,
 Or fancy'd beasts in imitated groves: 30
 Ev'n heav'n it climbs; and from the forming hands
 An angel here and there a Townshend * stands!
 Yet, Painter! yet, tho' art with nature strive,
 Tho' ev'n the lovely phantom seem alive,
 Submit thy vanquish'd art, and own the draught 33
 Tho' fair defective, and a beauteous fault!
 Charms such as her's, inimitably great!
 He only can express that can create.
 Couldst thou extract the whiteness of the snow,
 Or of its colours rob the heav'nly bow, 40
 Yet would her beauty triumph o'er thy skill,
 Lovely in thee, herself more lovely still!

* Now Lady Cornwallis.

Thus in the limpid fountain we descry
 The faint resemblance of the glitt'ring sky;
 Another sun displays his less'n'd beams,
 Another heaven adorns th' enlighten'd streams;
 But that the scene be fair, yet high above
 Th' exalted skits in nobler beauties move;
 There the true heaven's eternal lamps display
 A deluge of inimitable day.

AN EPISTLE,

Author of Mariamne, A Tragedy, 1726.

W^hat art thou slow to strike th' harmonious shell,
 Averse to sing who know'st to sing so well?
 If thy proud Muse the tragick buskin wears,
 Great Sophocles revives and re-appears,
 While regularly bold she nobly sings
 Strains worthy to detain the ears of kings.
 If by thy hand th' Homerick lyre be strung,
 The lyre returns such sounds as Homer sung,
 The kind compulsion of a friend obey,
 And tho' reluctant swell the lofty lay,
 Then list'ning groves once more shall catch the sound,
 While Grecian Musae sing on British ground.

* Mr. Fenton translated four books of The Odyssey.

Mr.

Thus calm and silent thy own Proteus' robes
 Thro' pearly mazes and thro' coral groves;
 But when emerging from the azure main,
 Coercive bands th' unwilling god constrain,
 Then heaves his bosom with prophetick fires,
 And his tongue speaks sublime what Heav'n inspires.
 Envy it is true with barb'rous rage invades
 What ev'n fierce lightning spares, the laurel shades;
 And criticks, bias'd by mistaken rules,
 Like Turkish zealots reverence none but fools,
 But praise from such injurious tongues is shame;
 They rail the happy author into fame;
 Thus Phœbus thro' the zodiack takes his way,
 And rises amid monsters into day,
 Oh vileness of mankind! when writing well
 Becomes a crime; and danger to excel!
 While, noble scorn! my friend such insults fees,
 And flies from towns to wilds, from men to trees,
 Free from the lust of wealth and glitt'ring traires
 That make th' unhappy Great in love with cares,
 Me humble joys in calm retirement please,
 A silent happiness and learned ease,
 Deny me grandeur, Heav'n! but goodness grant;
 A king is less illustrious than a saint.
 Hail, holy Virtue! come, thou heav'nly Guest!
 Come, fix thy pleasing empire in my breast!

* See the story of Proteus, *Odyssey*, lib. iv. translated by
 Mr. Fenton.

Thou know'st her influence, Friend! thy cheerful
Proclaims the innocence and peace within;¹ much*
Such joys as none but sons of Virtue know² when³ 44
Shine in thy face and in thy bosom glow.

So when the holy mount the prophet trod,⁴ then⁵
And talk'd familiar as a friend with God,⁶ And his⁷
Celestial radiance every feature shed,⁸ 45
And ambient glories daz'd around his head.

Sure what th' unthinking great, mistaken, call⁹ A
Their happiness is folly, folly all¹⁰ I like¹¹
Like lofty mountains in the clouds, they hide¹² But¹³
Their haughty heads, but swell with barren pride¹⁴ 50

And while low vales in useful beauty lie¹⁵ Thus¹⁶
Heave their proud naked summits to the sky¹⁷ And¹⁸
In honour as in place, ye Great transcend¹⁹ Of²⁰
An angel fall'n degenerate to a fiend²¹ Becomes²²
Th' all-cheering Sun is honour'd with his shines²³ 55

Not that he moves aloft but that he shines²⁴ And²⁵
Why flames the star on Walpole's generous breast?²⁶ That²⁷
Not that he is highest, but because he is best;²⁸ And²⁹
Fond to oblige, in blessing others blest³⁰ 60

How wond'rous few, by a vice uncontroll'd³¹ 60
Have virtue to subdue the thirst of gold³² Deny³³
The shining dirt the sordid wretch inhates³⁴ A³⁵
To buy with mighty treasures mighty cares³⁶ 65

While I stand by my friend's side³⁷ Come³⁸

* Thou feel'st her pow'r, my Friend! &c.

† The Right Hon. Sir Robert Walpole, created Knight of
the most noble order of the Garter 1726.

Blindly he courts, misguided by the will,
 A specious good, and meets a real ill.
 So when Ulysses plough'd the surgy main;
 When now in view appear'd his native reign,
 His wayward mates th' Aeolian † bag unbind,
 Expecting treasures, but out-rash'd a wind;
 The sudden hurricane in thunder roars,
 Buffets the bark, and whirls it from the shores.

O Heav'n! by what vain passions man is sway'd!
 Proud of his reason, by his will betray'd,
 Blindly he wanders in pursuit of vice,
 And loses confinement tho' in Paradise;
 Doom'd when enlarg'd instead of Eden's bow'rs
 To rove in wilds, and gather thorns for flowers;
 Between th' extremes direct he loses the way,
 Yet wilful swerves, perversely fond to stray.

Whilst raggard souls indulge their craving thirst,
 Rich without bounty, with abundance curst,
 The prodigal pursues expensive vice,
 And buys dishonour at a mighty price;
 On beds of state the splendid glutton sleeps,
 While starving Merit unregarded weeps;
 His ill-plac'd bounty while scorn'd Virtue grieves
 A dog, a fawning sycophant, receives,
 And cringing knaves or haughty Trumpets share
 What would make Sorrow smile, and cheer Despair.

† See Gulliver x. ver. 40.

Then wouldst thou fleet where Fortune spreads
 Go flatter Vice! for seldom flattery fails; [the fails?
 Soft thro' the ear the pleasing bank doth fill; [when 92
 Delicious poison! in perfumes it kills! [it won ned V
 Be all but virtuous. O! unwise to live [ways w aiff
 Unfashionably good and hope to thrive; [gnissocq 93
 Trees that aloft with proudest honours rise [the fad d on T
 Root hellward, and thence flourish to the skies. [the fad d on T
 O happier thou, my Friend! with ease content,
 Blest with the conscience of a life well spent, [trou d
 Nor wouldst be great, but guidethy gather'd sails
 Safe by the shore, nor tempt the rougher gales; [101
 For sure of all that feel the wounds of Fate, [d'mood
 None are completely wretched but the great, [to v o T
 Superiour woes superiour stations bring; [it no wted
 A peasant sleeps while cares awake a king; [ulliw 103
 Who reigns must suffer! crowns with gems inlaid
 At once adorn and load the royal head; [rich w ioh d
 Change but the scene and kings in dust decay; [quid
 Swept from the earth the pageants of a day; [and bud
 There no distinctions on the dead await; [to shed 110
 But pompous graves and rottenness in state; [it olin W
 Such now are all that shone on earth before; [lli aiff
 Cæsar and mighty Marlborough are no more! [ob A
 Unhallow'd feet o'er awful Tully tread; [ignitio h n A
 And Hyde and Plato join the vulgar dead; [w 113
 And all the glorious aims that can employ
 The soul of mortals must with Hammer die.

O Compton *! when this breath we once resign
My dust shall be as eloquent as thine.

Till that last hour which calls me hence away 120
To pay that great arrear which all must pay,

O! may I tread the paths which saints have trod,
Who knew they walk'd before th' all-seeing God!

Studious from ways of wicked men to keep,

Who mock at vice while grieving angels weep. 125

Come taste, my Friend! the joys retirement brings,

Look down on royal slaves, and pity kings.

More happy laid where trees with trees entwin'd

In bow'ry arches tremble to the wind,

With innocence and shade like Adam blest, 130

While a new Eden opens in the breast!

Such were the scenes descending angels trod

In guileless days, when man convers'd with God.

Then shall my lyre to loftier sounds be strung,

Inspir'd by Homer †, or what thou hast sung: 135

My Muse from thine shall catch a warmer ray,

As clouds are brighten'd by the god of Day.

So trees unapt to bear by art refin'd,

With shoots ennobled of a gen'rous kind,

High o'er the ground with fruits adopted rise,

And lift their spreading honours to the skies. 141

* The Right Hon. Sir Spencer Compton, Speaker of the
House of Commons.

† Dr. Broome translated eight books of The Odyssey.

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS WORKS, MDCCXXVI.

Let vulgar souls triumphal arches raise
 And speaking marble to record their praise,
 Or carve with fruitless toil, to some unknown,
 The mimic feature on the breathing stone;
 Mere mortals, subject to Death's total sway,
 Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day,
 'Tis thine on ev'ry heart to grave thy praise,
 A monument which worth alone can raise
 Sure to survive when time shall whelm in dust
 The arch, the marble, and the mimic bust;
 Nor till the volumes of th' expanded sky
 Blaze in one flame shalt thou and Homer die,
 When sink together in the world's last fire
 What Heav'n created and what Heav'n inspires.

If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled,
 With human transport touch the mighty dead,
 Shakespear! rejoice; his hand thy page refines;
 Now ev'ry scene with native brightness shines;
 Just to thy fame he gives thy genuine thought;
 So Tully publish'd what Lucretius wrote;
 Prun'd by his care thy laurels loftier grow,
 And bloom afresh on thy immortal brow.

Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael! time invades,
 And the bold figure from the canvass fades,

A rival hand recalls from ev'ry part 25
 Some latent grace, and equals art with art;
 Transported we survey the dubious strife,
 While the fair image starts again to life.

How long untun'd had Homer's sacred lyre
 Jarr'd grating discord, all extinct his fire? 30

This you beheld, and taught by Heav'n to sing
 Call'd the loud musick from the sounding string.

Now wak'd from slumbers of three thousand years
 Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,

Tow'rs o'er the field of death; as fierce he turns 35
 Keen flash his arms, and all the hero burns;

His plume nods horrible! his helm on high
 With cheeks of iron glares against the sky;

With martial stalk and more than mortal might
 He strides along; he meets the gods in fight: 40

Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning flores,
 Start at the din that rends th' infernal shores:

Tremble the tow'rs of heav'n, earth rocks her coasts,
 And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts.

To ev'ry theme responds thy various lay; 45
 Here pours a torrent, there meanders play.

Sonorous as the storm thy numbers rise,
 Toss the wild waves, and thunder in the skies;

Or softer than a yielding virgin's sigh,
 The gentle breezes breathe away and die. 50

How twangs the bow when with a jarring spring
 The whizzing arrows vanish from the string!

When giants strain some rock's vast weight to shove
The flow'rs heaves, and the clogg'd words scarce
move;

But when from high it rolls with many a bound,
Jumping it thund'ring whirls and rushes to the ground.
Swift flows the verse when winged lightnings fly,
Dart from the dazzl'd view, and flash along the sky.
Thus like the radiant god who sheds the day
The vale you paint or gild the azure way;
And while with ev'ry theme the verse complies
Sink without grov'ling, without rashness rise.

Proceed, great Bard! awake th' harmonious string;
Be ours all Homer; still Ulysses sing.
Ev'n I, the meanest of the Muses' train,
Inflam'd by thee attempt a nobler strain;
Advent'rous waken the Mæonian lyre,
Tun'd by your hand, and sing as you inspire.
So arm'd by great Achilles for the fight
Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' might
Like theirs our friendship; and I boast my name
To thine united, for thy friendship's same.

How long Ulysses, by unskilful hands
Stript of his robes, a beggar trod our lands,
Such as he wander'd o'er his native coast,
Shrunk by the wand, and all the hero lost †:

* The author translated eight books of The Odyssey

† See the 16th Odyssey, ver. 186 and 476.

O'er his smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread,
 Old age disgrac'd the honours of his head,
 Nor longer in his heavy eyeball shin'd
 The glance divine forth-beaming from the mind: 80
 But you, like Pallas, ev'ry limb infold
 With royal robes, and bid him shine in gold:
 Touch'd by your hand his manly frame improves
 With air divine, and like a god he moves.

This labour past of heav'nly subjects sing, 85
 While hovering angels listen on the wing
 To hear from earth such heart-felt raptures rise
 As when they sing suspended hold the skies;
 Or nobly rising in fair Virtue's cause,
 From thy own life transcribe th' unerring laws; 90
 Teach a bad world beneath her sway to bend:
 To verse like thine fierce savages attend;
 And men more fierce. When Orpheus tunes the lay
 Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away. 94

TO MR. A. POPE,

WHO CORRECTED MY VERSES.

If e'er my humble Muse melodious sings,
 'Tis when you animate and tune her strings;
 If e'er she mounts it is when you prune her wings.
 You like the sun your glorious beams display,
 Deal to the darkest orb a friendly ray,
 And clothe it with the lustre of the day.

Mean was the piece, unelegantly wrought;
 The colours faint, irregular the draught;
 But your commanding touch, your nicer art,
 Rais'd ev'ry stroke, and brighten'd ev'ry part.
 So when Luke drew the rudiments of Man,
 An angel finish'd what the saint began;
 His wondrous pencil, dipt in heav'nly dyes,
 Gave beauty to the face and lightning to the eyes.
 Confus'd it lay, a rough unpolish'd mass;
 You gave the royal stamp, and made it pass;
 Hence ev'n Deformity a beauty grew:
 She pleas'd, she charm'd, but pleas'd and charm'd by
 Tho' like Prometheus I the image frame, [you.
 You gave the life, and bring the heav'nly flame.
 When thus the Nile diffus'd his wat'ry train
 In streams of plenty o'er the fruitful plain,
 Unhappen forms, the refuse of the flood,
 Issu'd imperfect from the reeking mud;
 But the great source and parent of the day
 Fashion'd the creature and inform'd the clay *.

ADDITION.

* To nobler themes thy Muse triumphant soars,
 Mounts thro' the tracks of air and heav'n explores.
 Say, has some seraph tun'd thy sacred lyre,
 Or deign'd to touch thy hallow'd lips with fire?
 For sure such sounds exalt th' immortal string
 As Heav'n approves and raptur'd angels sing.
 Ah! how I listen while th' immortal lay
 Lifts me from earth above the Solar Way!

Weak of herself, my Muse forbears her flight,
Views her own lowliness and Parnassus' height;
But when you aid her song and deign to nod,
She spreads a bolder wing, and feels the present god. 30
So the Cumzan prophetess was dumb,
Blind to the knowledge of events to come;
But when Apollo in her breast abode
She heav'd, she swell'd, she felt the rushing god;
Then accents more than mortal from her broke,
And what the god inspir'd the priests spoke. 36

ADDITION.

Ah! how I look with scorn on pompous crowns,
And pity monarchs on their splendid thrones!
While, thou my guide, I trace all Nature's laws
By just gradations to the Sov'reign Cause!
Pleas'd I survey how varying spheres unite
Worlds with the atoms, angels with the mite,
And end in God, high thron'd above all height,
Who sees, as Lord of all, with equal eye
Now a proud tyrant perish, then a fly.
Methinks I view the Patriarch's ladder rise,
Its base on earth, its summit in the skies;
Each wondrous step by glorious angels trod,
And heav'n unfolding to the throne of God.
Be this thy praise! I haunt the lovely bow'r,
Sport by the spring, or paint the blooming now'r;
Nor dares the Muse attempt an arduous height, &c.

TO A LADY

PLAYING WITH A SNAKE.

It is a pleasing direful sight!
At once you charm us and affright!
So Heav'n destroying angels arms
With terror, dreadful in their charms!

Such, such was Cleopatra's air,
Lovely, but formidably fair!
When the griev'd world impoverish'd lost
By the dire asp its noblest boast:

Aw'd by your guardian's dang'rous pow'r,
At distance trembling we adore;
At distance once again behold
A Serpent guard the blooming gold.

Well pleas'd and harmless, lo! he lies,
Basks in the sunshine of your eyes;
Now twists his spires, and now unfurls
The gay confusion of his curls.

Oh! happy on your breast to lie
As that bright star that gilds the sky *.

* The Scorpion.

Who ceasing in the spheres to shine
 Would for your breast his heav'n resign: 20
 Yet oh! fair Virgin! caution take
 Lest some bold cheat assume the Snake.
 When Jove compress'd the Grecian dame *
 Aloof he threw the lightning's flame;
 On radiant spires the lover rode,
 And in the Snake conceal'd the god. 26

TO A LADY OF THIRTY.

No more let youth its beauty boast,
 ——— at thirty reigns a toast,
 And like the sun as he declines,
 More mildly but more sweetly shines. 04
 The hand of Time alone disarms
 Her face of its superfluous charms,
 But adds for every grace resign'd
 A thousand to adorn her mind. 08
 Youth was her first inflaming time,
 This her more habitable clime,
 How must she then each heart engage
 Who blooms like Youth, is wise like Age! 12

* Olympias, mother of Alexander The Great.

Thus the rich orange-trees produce
 At once both ornament and use;
 Here opening blossoms we behold,
 There fragrant orbs of ripen'd gold. 16

WIDOW AND VIRGIN SISTERS.

BEING A LETTER TO THE WIDOW IN LONDON.

WHILE Delia shines at Hurlothrumbo,
 And darts her brightly eyes at some beau,
 Then close behind her fan retiring
 Sees thro' the flasks whole crowds admiring,
 You sip your melancholy coffee,
 And at the name of man cry O fy!
 Or when the noisy rapper thunders
 Say coldly—"Sure the fellow blunders!
 "Unseen, tho' peer on peer approaches;
 "James, I'm abroad!—But learn the coaches." 16
 As some young pleader, when his perle is
 Unfill'd thro' want of controversies,
 Attends until the chinks are fill'd all
 The assizes Westminster and Guildhall,
 While graver lawyers keep their house, and 15
 Collect the guineas by the thousand,
 Or as some tradesmen thro' show-gallics
 Expose their wares to each that passes,

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Toys of no use! high price'd commodities
 Bought to no end! estates in oddities!
 Others with like advantage drive at
 Their gain from storehouses in private:
 Thus Delia shines in places general;
 Is never missing where the men are all;
 Goes ev'n to church with godly air
 To meet good company at pray'rs,
 Where she devoutly plays her fan,
 Looks up to heav'n, but thinks on man:
 You sit at home, enjoy your confin',
 While hearts are offer'd by the dozen.
 O! born above your sex to rise,
 With youth, wealth, beauty, titles—wife!

O Lady bright! did ne'er you mark yet,
 In country fair or country market,
 A beau whose eloquence might charm ye
 Enlisting soldiers for the army?
 He flatters ev'ry well-built youth,
 And tells him ev'ry thing but—truth:
 He cries "Good Friend! I'm glad I hap'd in
 "Your company; you'll make a Captain!"
 He lifts—~~but~~ finds these gaudy shows
 Soon chang'd to surly looks and blows.
 'Tis now, "March, Rascal! what d' ye grumble?"
 Thwack goes the cane! "I'll make you humble."

* Mrs. S—th.

Such weddings are; and I resemble 'em
Almost in all points to this emblem.
While courtship lasts, it is "Dear!" it is "Madam!"
"The sweetest creature since Adam!"
"Had I the years of a Methusalem,
"How in my chamber's praise I'd use all 'em!"
"O take me to thy arms my Beauty!"
"I dote, adore, thy very shoe-tye!"
They wed—but fancy grows less warming;
Next morn he thinks the bride less charming;
He says, nay swears, "My wife grows old in
"One single month;" then falls to scolding:
"What, Madam! gadding ev'ry day?
"Up to your room; there stitch or pray!"
Such proves the marriage-state! but for all
These truths you'll wed, and scorn the moral.

TO A GENTLEMAN OF SEVENTY,

WHO MARRIED A LADY OF SIXTEEN.

WHAT woes must such unequal union bring,
When hoary Winter weds the youthful Spring?
You, like Mezentius†, in the nuptial bed,
Once more unite the living and the dead:

* It was printed in the first edition of his Poems 1727.

† "The living and the dead at his command

"Were coupled face to face and hand to hand.

Dryden's Virg. Æn. viii.

PARAPHRASES.

HABBAKKUK,

CHAPTER III. PARAPHRASED.

An Ode written in 1710, as an Exercise at St. John's College in Cambridge.

WHEN in a glorious terrible array
From Paran's tow'ring height th' Almighty took his
Borne on a cherub's wings he rode;
Intolerable day proclaim'd the God;
No earthly cloud
Could his effulgent brightness shroud;
Glory, and Majesty, and Power,
March'd in a dreadful pomp before;
Behind a grim and meagre train,
Pining Sickness, frantic Pain,
Stalk'd wildly on! with all the dismal band
Which Heaven in anger sends to scourge a guilty land.
With terror cloth'd he downward flew,
And wither'd half the nations with a view;
Thro' half the nations of th' astonish'd earth
He scatter'd war, and plagues, and dearth!
And when he spoke
The everlasting hills from their foundations shook;

The trembling mountains by a lowly nod,
 With reverence struck, confess'd the God. 20
 On Sion's holy hill he took his stand,
 Grasping omnipotence in his right hand;
 Then mighty earthquakes rock'd the ground,
 And the sun darken'd as he frown'd.
 He dealt affliction from his van, 25
 And wild confusion from his rear;
 They thro' the tents of Cushman ran,
 The tents of Cushman quak'd with fear,
 And Midian trembled with despair.
 I see his sword wave naked in the air * 30
 It sheds around a baleful ray,
 The rains pour down, the lightnings play,
 And on their wings vindictive thunders bear.
 When thro' the mighty flood
 He led the murm'ring crowd, 35
 What ail'd the rivers that they backward fled?
 Why was the mighty flood afraid?
 March'd he against the rivers? or was he,
 Thou mighty Flood! displeas'd at thee?
 The flood beheld from far 40
 The Deity in all his equipage of war;

VARIATION

* I see his sword wave with redoubled ire;
 Ah! has it set the very clouds on fire?
 The clouds burst down in deluges of show'rs,
 Piercing lightning flames, vindictive thunder roars,

And lo! at once it bursts, in diverse falls
 On either hand! it swells in crystal walls!
 Th' eternal rocks disclose! the tossing waves
 Rush in loud thunder from a thousand caves!
 Why tremble ye, O Faithless! to behold
 The opening deeps their gulfs unfold!
 Enter the dreadful chasms! it is God who guides
 Your wondrous way! the God who rules the tides!
 And lo! they march amid the deaf'ning roar
 Of tumbling seas! they mount the adverse shore!
 Advance, ye chosen Tribes! — Arabia's sands,
 Lonely uncomfortable lands,
 Void of fountain, void of rain,
 Oppose their burning coasts in vain!
 See the great Prophet stand
 Waving his wonder-working wand!
 He strikes the stubborn rock, and lo!
 The stubborn rock feels the Almighty blow!
 His stony entrails burst, and rushing torrents flow!

Then did the Sun his fiery couriers stay *, 61
 And backward held the falling day;

VARIATION.

* Ah! what new scenes unfold, what voice I hear!
 Sun! stand thou still; thou, Moon! thy course forbear.
 Ah! — Sun! thy wheels obedient stay,
 Doubling the splendours of the wondrous day;
 The nimble-footed Minutes cease to run,
 And urge the lazy Hours on:

The nimble-footed Minutes ceas'd to run,
 And urge the lazy Hours on;
 Time hung his unexpanded wings, 65
 And all the secret springs
 That carry on the year
 Stopt in their full career:
 Then the astonish'd moon
 Forgot her going down, 70
 And paler grew
 The dismal scene to view
 How thro' the trembling Pagan nation
 Th' Almighty ruin dealt and ghastly desolation.
 But why, ah! why, O Sion! reigns 75
 Wide wasting Havock o'er thy plains?
 Ah me! destruction is abroad;
 Vengeance is loose, and wrath from God!
 See! hosts of spoilers seize their prey!
 See! Slaughter marks in blood his way! 80

VARIATION.

Time hangs his unexpanded wings,
 And all the secret springs
 That carry on the year
 Stop in their full career:
 At once th' astonish'd moon
 Forgets her going down,
 And paler grows
 To view th' amazing train of woes,
 While thro' the trembling Pagan nation
 Th' Almighty ruin deals and ghastly desolation?

See! how embattled Babylon
 Like an unruly deluge rushes on!
 Lo! the field with millions swarms!
 I hear their shouts, their clashing arms!
 Now the conflicting hosts engage
 With more than mortal rage!—
 Oh Heaven! I faint—I die—
 The yielding pow'rs of Israel fly—
 Now banner'd hosts surround the walls
 Of Sion! now she sinks, she falls—
 Ah, Sion! how for thee I mourn!
 What pangs for thee I feel!
 Ah! how art thou become the Pagan's scorn,
 Lovely unhappy Israel!
 A shiv'ring damp invades my heart,
 A trembling horror shoots thro' ev'ry part;
 My nodding frame can scarce sustain
 Th' oppressive load I undergo;
 Speechless I sigh: the envious woe
 Forbids the very pleasure to complain;
 Forbids my fault'ring tongue to tell
 What pangs for thee I feel,
 Lovely unhappy Israel!
 Yet tho' the fig-tree should no burthen bear,
 Tho' vines delude the promise of the year;
 Yet tho' the olive should not yield her oil,
 Nor the parch'd glebe reward the peasant's toil;

Tho' the tir'd ox beneath his labours fall,
 And herds in millions perish from the stall;
 Yet shall my grateful strings 110
 For ever praise thy name;
 For ever thee proclaim,
 Thee, everlasting God! the mighty King of Kings! 113

CHAPS. XXXVIII. & XXXIX OF JOB

PARAPHRASED.

Now from the splendours of his bright abode
 On wings of all the winds th' Almighty rode,
 And the loud voice of thunder spoke the God. }
 Cherubs and seraphs from celestial bow'rs,
 Ten thousand thousand bright ethereal pow'rs, 5
 Ministrant round their radiant files unfold,
 Arm'd in eternal adamant and gold!
 Whirlwinds and thundrous storms his chariot drew
 'Tween worlds and worlds, triumphant as it flew:
 He stretch'd his dark pavilion o'er the floods, 10
 Bad hills subside, and rein'd th' obedient clouds,
 Then from his awful gloom the Godhead spoke,
 And at his voice affrighted Nature shook.

Vain Man! who boldly with dim reason's ray
 Vies with his God, and rivals his full day! 15

But tell me now, say how this beautiful frame
 Of all things from the womb of Nothing came,
 When Nature's Lord with one Almighty call
 From no-where rais'd the world's capacious hall
 Say if thy hand directs the various rounds
 Of the vast earth, and circumscribes the bounds
 How orbs oppos'd to each other in the sky
 In concert move, and dance in harmony
 What wondrous pillars their foundations bear
 When hung self-balance'd in the fluid air
 Why the vast tides sometimes with wanton play
 In shining mazes gently glide away
 Anon, why swelling with impetuous stores
 Tumultuous rumbling thunder to the shores
 By thy command does fair Aurora rise
 And gild with purple beams the blushing skies
 The warbling lark salutes her cheerful ray
 And welcomes with his song the rising day
 The rising day ambrosial dew distills
 Th' ambrosial dew with balmy odour fills
 The flow'rs, the flow'rs rejoice, and Nature smiles
 Why Night, in sable rob'd, as daylight fades
 O'er half the nations draws her awful shades?

VARIATION

* But tell me, Mortal! when the Almighty said
 Be made, ye Worlds! how worlds at once were made?
 When hosts of angels, wrapt in wonder, sung
 His praise as order from disorder sprung.

Now peaceful Nature lies diffus'd in ease,
 A solemn stillness reigns o'er land and seas.
 Sleep sheds o'er all his banish'd to sleep resign'd
 Birds, beasts, lie hush'd, and busy humankind.
 No air of breath disturbs the drowzy woods,
 No whispers murmur from the silent floods.
 The moon sheds down a silver-streaming light,
 And glads the melancholick face of Night;
 Now clouds swift-skimming veil her fully-dray,
 Now bright she blazes with a fuller day.
 The stars in order twinkle in the skies,
 And fall in silence, and in silence rise;
 Till as a giant strong, a bridegroom gay,
 The Sun springs dancing thro' the gates of Day:
 He shakes his dewy locks, and hurls his beams
 O'er the proud hills and down the glowing streams:
 His fiery coursers bound above the main,
 And whirl the car along the ethereal plain.
 The fiery coursers and their car display
 A stream of glory and a flood of day.
 Did e'er thy eye descend into the deep?
 Or hast thou seen where infant tempests sleep?

VARIATIONS.

- * No more the monsters of the desert roar,
 Doubling the terrors of the midnight hour.
 The fowl, the fishes, to repose resign'd,
 All, all lie hush'd, and busy humankind.
 The fainting murmur dies upon the floods,
 And sighing breezes lull the drowzy woods.
- † Now bright she blazes and supplies the day.

Was e'er the grave or region of the night
 Yet trod by thee, or open'd to thy sight
 Has Death disclos'd to thee her gloomy state
 The ghastly Forms, the various Woes, that wait
 In terrible array before her awful gate
 Know'st thou where darkness bears eternal sway,
 Or where the source of everlasting day?
 Say why the driving hail with rushing sound
 Pours from on high and rattles on the ground
 Why hover snows down wa'ring by degrees
 Shine from the hills, or glisten from the trees
 Say why in liquid drops the balmy rain
 With sparkling gems imparts the spangled plain
 Or gath'ring in the vale's effluent flows
 And on each flow's a sudden spring bestows
 Say why with gentle sighs the evening breeze
 Salutes the flow'rs or murmurs thro' the trees
 Or why loud winds in storms of vengeance fly
 Howl o'er the main and thunder in the sky
 Say to what wondrous magazines repair'd
 The viewless beings which serene the air
 Till from their dungeons lodg'd they roar aloud
 Upturn whole oceans, and toss cloud on cloud
 While waves encounter ring wares, in mountains driv'n,
 Swell to the starry vault and dash the heav'n
 Know'st thou why comets that start in the air
 Heralds of war, destruction, and despair
 The plague, the sword, and all the forms of war?

On ruddy wings why fork'd lightning flies,
 And rolling thunder grumbles in the skies?
 Say, can thy voice, when sultry Sirius reigns,
 And foms intensely glowing cleave the plains,
 The exhausted urns of thirsty springs supply,
 And mitigate the fever of the ley?
 Or when the heav'n is charg'd with gloomy clouds,
 And half the skies precipitate in floods,
 Chase the dark horrors of the storm away,
 Restrain the deluge, and restore the day?
 By thee does Summer deck herself with charms,
 Or hoary Winter lock his frozen arms?
 Say if thy hand instruct the rose to glow,
 Or to the lily give unsully'd snow;
 Teach fruits to knit from blossoms by degrees,
 Swell into orb and load the bending trees,
 Whose various kinds a various hue unfold,
 With crimson blush, or burnish into gold?
 Say why the sun arrays with shining dyes
 The gaudy bow that girds the gloomy skies?
 He from his urn pours forth his golden streams,
 And humid clouds imbibe the glittering beams;
 Sweetly the varying colours fade or rise,
 And the vast arch embraces half the skies.
 Say, didst thou give the mighty seas their bars,
 Fill air with fowl, or light up heav'n with stars,
 Whose thousand times ten thousand lamps display
 A friendly radiance, mingling ray with ray?

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Say, canst thou rule the coursers of the Sun,
 Or lash the lazy sign Boötes on?
 Dost thou instruct the eagle how to fly,
 To mount the viewless winds and tow'r the sky? 120
 On sounding pinions borne he soars, and shrouds
 His proud aspiring head among the clouds;
 Strong-pounc'd and fierce he darts upon his prey,
 He sails in triumph thro' th' ethereal way,
 Bears on the sun, and basks in open day. 125 }
 Does the dread king and terrour of the wood,
 The lion, from thy hand expect his food?
 Stung with keen hunger from his den he comes,
 Ranges the plains, and o'er the forest roams;
 He snuffs the track of beasts, he fiercely roars *, 130
 Doubling the horrors of the midnight hours;
 With sullen majesty he stalks away,
 And the rocks tremble while he seeks his prey;
 Dreadful he grins! he rends the savage brood
 With unsheath'd paws, and churns the spouting blood.
 Dost thou with thunder arm the gen'rous horse, 136
 Add nervous limbs or swiftness for the course?
 Fleet as the wind he shoots along the plain,
 And knows no check, nor hears the curbing rein;
 His fiery eyeballs, formidably bright, 140
 Dart a fierce glory and a dreadful light;

VARIATION.

- * He mocks the beating storms and wintry show'rs,
 Making night hideous as he sternly roars.

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Pleas'd with the clank of arms and trumpets' sound
 He bounds, and prancing paws the trembling ground;
 He snuffs the promis'd battle from afar,
 Neighs at the captains' shouts and thunder of the war;
 Rous'd with the noble din and martial fight 146
 He pants with tumults of severe delight;
 His sprightly blood an even course disdains,
 Pours from his heart and charges in his veins;
 He braves the spear and mocks the twanging bow,
 Demands the fight, and rushes on the foe. 151

CHAP. XLIII. OF ECCLESIAST.

PARAPHRASED.

THE sun that rolls his beamy orb on high,
 Pride of the world and glory of the sky,
 Illustrious in his course, in bright array
 Marches along the heav'ns, and scatters day [way. }
 O'er earth, and o'er the main, and thro' th' ethereal }
 He in the morn renews his radiant round, 6
 And warms the fragrant bosom of the ground;
 But ere the noon of day in fiery gleams
 He darts the glory of his blazing beams:
 Beneath the burnings of his sultry ray 10
 Earth to her centre pierc'd admits the day;
 Huge vales expand where rivers roll'd before,
 And lessen'd seas contract within their shore.

O Pow'r supreme! O high above all height!
 Thou gav'st the sun to shine, and thou art light. 15
 Whether he falls or rises in the skies
 He by thy voice is taught to fall or rise;
 Swiftly he moves, refulgent in his sphere,
 And measures out the day, the month, and year;
 He drives the hours along with flower pace, 20
 The minutes rush away impetuous in their race;
 He wakes the flow'rs that sleep within the earth,
 And calls the fragrant infants out to birth;
 The fragrant infants paint th' enamell'd vales,
 And native incense loads the balmy gales; 25
 The balmy gales the fragrancy convey
 To heav'n, and to their God an offering pay.

By thy command the moon as daylight fades
 Lifts her broad circle in the deep'ning shades;
 Array'd in glory and enthron'd in light 30
 She breaks the solemn terrors of the night;
 Sweetly inconstant in her varying flame,
 She changes still, another yet the same!
 Now in decrease by slow degrees she shrouds
 Her fading lustre in a veil of clouds; 35
 Now at increase her gathering beams display
 A blaze of light, and give a paler day;
 Ten thousand stars adorn her glitt'ring train,
 Fall when she falls, and rise with her again,
 And o'er the deserts of the sky unfold 40
 Their burning spangles of sidereal gold:

Thro' the wide heav'ns she moves serenely bright,
 Queen of the gay attendants of the night ;
 Orb above orb in sweet confusion lies,
 And with a bright disorder paints the skies. 45

The Lord of Nature fram'd the show'ry bow,
 Turn'd its gay arch, and bade its colours glow ;
 Its radiant circle compasses the skies,
 And sweetly the rich tinctures faint and rise ;
 It bids the horrors of the storm to cease, 50
 Adorns the clouds, and makes the tempest please.

He when deep-rolling clouds blot out the day,
 And thund'rous storms a solemn gloom display,
 Pours down a wat'ry deluge from on high,
 And opens all the sluices of the sky ; 55
 High o'er the shores the rushing surge prevails,
 Bursts o'er the plain and roars along the vales ;
 Dashing abruptly dreadful down it comes,
 Tumbling thro' rocks, and tosses, whirls, and foams :
 Mean time from ev'ry region of the sky 60
 Red burning bolts in forked vengeance fly ;
 Dreadfully bright o'er seas and earth they glare,
 And bursts of thunder rend th' encumber'd air :
 At once the thunders of th' Almighty sound,
 Heav'n lours, descend the floods, and rocks the ground !

He gives the furious whirlwind wings to fly, 66
 To rend the earth and wheel along the sky ;
 In circling eddies whirl'd it roars aloud,
 Drives wave on wave and dashes cloud on cloud :

Where'er it moves it lays whole forests low, 70
 And at the blast eternal mountains bow;
 While tearing up the sands in drifts they rise,
 And half the deserts mount the burthen'd skies.

He from aerial treasures downward pours
 Sheets of unsully'd snow in lucid show'rs; 75
 Flake after flake thro' air thick-wav'ring flies,
 Till one vast shining waste all Nature lies;
 Then the proud hills a virgin whiteness shed,
 A dazzling brightness glitters from the mead;
 The hoary trees reflect a silver show, 80
 And groves beneath the lovely burthen bow.

He from loose vapours with an icy chain
 Binds the round hail and moulds the harden'd rain;
 The stony tempest with a rushing sound
 Beats the firm glebe resulting from the ground; 85
 Swiftly it falls, and as it falls invades
 The rising herb, or breaks the spreading blades;
 While infant flow'rs that rais'd their bloomy heads
 Crush'd by its fury sink into their beds.

When stormy Winter from the frozen North 90
 Borne on his icy chariot issues forth,
 The blasted groves their verdant pride resign,
 And billows harden'd into crystal shine:
 Sharp blows the rigour of the piercing winds,
 And the proud floods as with a breastplate binds; 95
 Ev'n the proud seas forget in tides to roll
 Beneath the freezings of the Northern pole;

There waves on waves in solid mountains rise,
 And Alps of ice invade the wond'ring skies,
 While gulfs below and slipp'ry vallics lie,
 And with a dreadful brightness pain the eye:
 But if warm winds a warmer air restore,
 And softer breezes bring a genial show'r,
 The genial show'r revives the cheerful plain,
 And the huge hills flow down into the main. 105

When the seas rage and loud the ocean roars,
 When foaming billows lash the sounding shores,
 If he in thunder bid the waves subside,
 The waves obedient sink upon the tide,
 A sudden peace controls the limpid deep,
 And the still waters in soft silence sleep:
 Then Heav'n lets down a golden-streaming ray,
 And all the broad expansion flames with day;
 In the clear glass the mariners descry
 A sun inverted and a downward sky. 115

They who advent'rous plow the wat'ry way
 The dreadful wonders of the deep survey;
 Familiar with the storms their sails unbind,
 Tempt the rough blast and bound before the wind:
 Now high they mount, now shoot into a vale,
 Now smooth their course and scud before the gale.
 There e'rolling monsters, arm'd in scaly pride,
 Flounce in the billows and dash round the tide;
 There huge Leviathan unwieldy moves,
 And thrp' the waves a living island roves; 125

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In dreadful pastime terribly he sports,
 And the vast ocean scarce his weight supports;
 Where'er he turns the hoary deeps divide,
 He breathes a tempest and he spouts a tide!

Thus, Lord! the wonders of earth, sea, and air,
 Thy boundless wisdom and thy pow'r declare: 131
 Thou, high in glory, and in might serene,
 Seest and mov'st all, thyself unmov'd, unseen.
 Should men and angels join in songs to raise
 A grateful tribute equal to thy praise, 135
 Yet far thy glory would their praise outline,
 Tho' men and angels in the song should join:
 For tho' this earth with skill divine is wrought,
 Above the guess of man or angel's thought,
 Yet in the spacious regions of the skies 140
 New scenes unfold and worlds on worlds arise:
 There other orbs round other suns advance,
 Float on the air, and run their mystick dance;
 And yet the pow'r of thy Almighty hand
 Can build another world from ev'ry sand; 145
 And tho' vain man arraign thy high decree,
 Till this just! what is, that ought to be *. 147

* Evidently wrong, but so in edit. 1779. The line is not in edit. 1750.

PASTORALS.

DAPHNIS AND LYCIDAS,

A PASTORAL.

They sing the different success and absence of their Loves.

To the Right Hon. the Lord Viscount Townshend, of Rainham in Norfolk, Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter, and Principal Secretary of State to his Majesty.

— "Sylvæ sunt Consule dignæ."

VIRG.

DAPHNIS.

How calm the ev'ning! see the falling day
Gilds ev'ry mountain with a ruddy ray!
In gentle sighs the softly whisp'ring breeze
Salutes the flow'rs and waves the trembling trees.
Hark! the night-warbler from yon' vocal boughs
Glad ev'ry valley with melodious woe:
Swift thro' the air her rounds the swallow takes,
Or sportive skims the level of the lakes:
The tim'rous deer, swift-starting as they graze,
Bound off in crowds, then turn again and gaze. 10
See how yon' swans, with snowy pride elate,
Arch their high necks and sail along in state!

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Thy frisking flocks safe-wand'ring crop the plain,
And the glad season claims a gladsome strain.

Begin—Ye Echoes! listen to the song, 15
And with its sweetness pleas'd each note prolong.

LYC. Sing, Muse!--and O may Townshend deign to
What the Musesings! to Townshend this is due, [view
Who carrying with him all the world admires,
From all the world illustriously retires, 20
And calmly wand'ring in his Rainham, roves
By lake or spring, by thicket, lawn, or groves,
Where verdant hills or vales, where fountains stray,
Charm every thought of idle pomp away;
Unenvy'd views the splendid toils of state, 25
In private happy as in publick great.

Thus godlike Scipio! on whose cares reclin'd
The burthen and repose of half mankind,
Left to the vain their pomp, and calmly stray'd,
The world forgot beneath the laurel shade; 30
Nor longer would be great, but void of strife
Clos'd in soft peace his eve of glorious life.

Feed round, my Goats! ye Sheep! in safety graze;
Ye Winds! breathe gently while I tune my lays.

The joyous spring draws nigh; ambrosial show'rs
Unbind the earth, the earth unbinds the flow'rs; 36
The flow'rs blow sweet, the daffodils unfold
The spreading glories of their blooming gold.

DAPH. As the gay Hours advance the blossoms shoot,
The knitting blossoms harden into fruit; 40

And as the autumn by degrees ensues
The mellowing fruits display their streaky hues.

LYC. When the winds whistle and the tempest roars,
When foaming billows lash the sounding shores,
The bloomy beauties of the pastures die,
And in gay heaps of fragrant ruin lie.

DAPH. Severe the storms when shudd'ring Winter
The earth; but winter yields to vernal winds. [binds
O Love! thy rigour my whole life deforms;
More cold than winter, more severe than storms!

LYC. Sweet is the spring and gay the summer hours
When balmy odours breathe from painted flow'rs;
But neither sweet the spring nor summer gay
When she I love, my charmer! is away.

DAPH. To savage rocks thro' bleak inclement skies
Deaf as those rocks from me my fair one flies:
O Virgin! cease to fly; th' inclement air
May hurt thy charms—but thou hast charms to spare!

LYC. I love, and ever shall my love remain
The fairest kindest virgin of the plain;
With equal passion her soft bosom glows,
Feels the sweet pains and shares the heav'nly woes.

DAPH. With a feign'd passion she I love beguiles,
And gayly false the dear dissembler smiles;
But let her still those blest deceits employ,
Still may she feign, and cheat me into joy.

LYC. On yonder bank the yielding nymph reclin'd;
Gods! how transported I! and she how kind!

There rise, ye Flow'rs! and there your pride display,
There shed your odours where the fair one lay! 70

DAPH. Once as my fair one in the rosy bow'r
In gentle slumbers pass'd the noontide hour,
Soft I approach'd, and raptur'd with the bliss
At leisure gaz'd, then stole a silent kiss.
She wak'd; when conscious smiles, but ill repress; 75
Spoke no disdain.——Was ever swain so blest!

LYC. With fragrant apples from the bending bough
In sport my charmer gave her swain a blow;
The fair offender of my wrath afraid
Fled till I seiz'd and kiss'd the blooming maid. 80
She smil'd, and vow'd if thus her crimes I pay
She would offend a thousand times a-day.

DAPH. O'er the steep mountain and the pathless mead
From my embrace the lovely scorner fled,
But stumbling in the flight by chance she fell : 85
I saw—but what—her lover will not tell.

LYC. From me my fair one fled dissembling play,
And in the dark conceal'd the wanton lay;
But laugh'd, and shew'd by the directing sound
She only hid in secret to be found. 90

DAPH. Far hence to happier climes Belinda strays.
But in my breast her lovely image stays:
O to these plains again, bright Nymph! repair,
Or from my breast far hence thy image bear.

LYC. Come, Delia! come; till Delia blest these seats
Hide me, ye Groves! within your dark retreats: 96

In hollow groans, ye Winds! around me blow;
Ye bubbling Fountains! murmur to my woe.

DAPH. Where'er Belinda roves, ye Zephirs! play;
Where'er she treads, ye Flow'rs! adorn the way; 100
From sultry fens, ye Groves! my charmer keep;
Ye bubbling Fountains! murmur to her sleep.

LYC. If streams smooth wand'ring, Delia, yield de-
If the gay rose or lily please thy sight, [light,
Smooth streams here wander, here the roses glow,
Here the proud lilies rise to shade thy brow. 106

DAPH. Aid me, ye Muses! while I loud proclaim
What love inspires, and sing Belinda's name:
Waft it, ye Breezes! to the hills around,
And sport, ye Echoes! with the fav'rite sound. 110

LYC. Thy name, my Delia! shall improve my song,
The pleasing labour of my ravish'd tongue:
Her name to heav'n propitious Zephirs bear!
And breathe it to her kindred angels there.

DAPH. But see! the Night displays her starry train,
Soft silver dews impearl the glitt'ring plain; 116
An awful horror fills the gloomy woods,
And bluish mists rise from the smoking floods:
Haste, Daphnis *! haste to fold thy woolly care; 119
The deep'ning shades imbrown th' unwholesome air.

VARIA TION.

* Haste, Lycidas! to fold, &c.

A PASTORAL TO A YOUNG LADY,

UPON HER LEAVING AND RETURN TO THE COUNTRY.

DAMON.

SAY, while each scene so beautiful appears,
 Why heaves thy bosom and why flow thy tears?
 See from the clouds the spring descends in show'rs,
 The painted vallies laugh with rising flow'rs;
 Smooth flow the floods, soft breathe the vernal airs; 5
 The spring, flow'rs, floods, conspire to charm our cares.

FLOR. But vain the pleasure which the season yields,
 The laughing vallies or the painted fields.
 No more, ye Floods! in silver mazes flow,
 Smile not, ye Flow'rs! no more soft Breezes blow!
 Far, Damon! far from these unhappy groves. 11
 The cruel lovely Rosalinda roves.

DAM. Ah! now I know why late the op'ning buds
 Clos'd up their gems and sicken'd in the woods;
 Why droop'd the lily in her snowy pride, 15
 And why the rose withdrew her sweets and dy'd.
 For thee, fair Rosalind! the op'ning buds
 Clos'd up their gems and sicken'd in the woods;
 For thee the lily shed her snowy pride,
 For thee the rose withdrew her sweets and dy'd. 20

FLOR. See where yon' vine in soft embraces weaves
 Her wanton ringlets with the myrtle's leaves;

There tun'd sweet Philomel her sprightly lay
 Both to the rising and the falling day:
 But since fair Rosalind forsook the plains 25
 Sweet Philomel no more renews her strains;
 With sorrow dumb she disregards her lay,
 Nor greets the rising nor the falling day.

DAM. Say, O ye Winds! that range the distant skies,
 Now swell'd to tempests by my rising sighs, 30
 Say while my Rosalind deserts these shores
 How Damon dies for whom his soul adores.

FLOR. Ye murm'ring Fountains! and ye wand'ring
 That visit various lands thro' various roads, [Floods!
 Say, when ye find where Rosalind resides, 35
 Say how my tears increase your swelling tides.

DAM. Tell me, I charge you, O ye Sylvan Swains!
 Who range the mazy grove or flow'ry plains,
 Beside what fountain, in what breezy bow'r,
 Reclines my charmer in the noontide hour. 40

FLOR. Soft, I adjure you by the skipping fawns,
 By the fleet roes that bound along the lawns,
 Soft tread, ye Virgin-daughters of the Grove!
 Nor with your dances wake my sleeping love.

DAM. Return, O Virgin! and if proud disdain 45
 Arm thy fierce soul, return, enjoy my pain:
 If pleas'd thou view'st a faithful lover's cares
 Thick rise, ye Sighs! in floods descend, ye Tears!

FLOR. Return, O Virgin! while in verdant meads
 By springs we sport, or dream on flow'ry beds, 50

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She weary wanders thro' the desert way,
The food of wolves, or hungry lions' prey.

DAM. Ah! shield her, Heav'n! your rage, ye Beasts!
Those are not limbs for savages to tear! [forbear;
Adieu, ye Meads! with her thro' wilds I go, 55
O'er burning sands or everlasting snow;
With her I wander thro' the desert way,
The food of wolves, or hungry lions' prey.

FLOR. Come, Rosalind! before the wintry clouds
Frown o'er th' aerial vault and rush in floods; 60
Ere raging storms howl o'er the frozen plains;
Thy charms may suffer by the storms or rains.

DAM. Come, Rosalind! O come! then infant flow'rs
Shall bloom and smile, and form their charms by
By you the lily shall her white compose, [your's:
Your blush shall add new blushes to the rose; 66
Each flow'ry mead and ev'ry tree shall bud,
And fuller honours clothe the youthful wood.

FLOR. Yet, ah! forbear to urge thy homeward way
While sultry suns infest the glowing day: 70
The sultry suns thy beauties may impair—
Yet haste away, for thou art now too fair. [bled play!

DAM. Hark! from yon' bow'r what airs soft-war-
My soul takes wing to meet th' enchanting lay.
Silence, ye Nightingales!—attend the voice; 75
While thus it warbles all your songs are noise.

FLOR. See from the bow'r a form majestick moves,
And smoothly gliding shines along the groves!

L ij

Say, comes a goddess from the golden spheres? 79

A goddess comes, or Rosalind appears! To look [day;

DAM. Shine forth, thou Sun! bright ruler of the
And where she treads, ye Flow'rs! adorn the way:

Rejoice, ye Groves! my Heart! dismiss thy cares;

My goddess comes! my Rosalind appears! 84

With her I wander thro' the forest way,

I the food of wolves, or I prey upon prey.

Enter. Come, Rosalind! before the wintry clouds

Trown o'er the world, and rain in blood.

I the springing flow'rs of the frozen plain;

I the summer bird to sing the forms of rain.

DAM. Come, Rosalind! O come! then unfold how

Thou bloom and shine, and form their charms by

Thy self; the fly shall not be white compare.

I our child shall add new dainties to the rose;

Each flow'ry mead and every tree shall bud.

And softer honours clothe the youthful wood.

Enter. Yet, ah! forbear to urge thy homeward way

While infancy lingers in the glowing day:

The lady lingers thy presence may impart—

Yet haste away, for thou art now too fair [play]

DAM. Hark! from yon bow 't what art thou war-

My soul takes wing to meet th' enchanting lay.

Silence, ye Nightingales!—attend the voice;

While thus it warbles all year long are notes.

Enter. See from the bow a form majestic move,

And sweetly gliding shines along the grove.

ODES.

MELANCHOLY, AN ODE,

Occasioned by the Death of a beloved Daughter, 1723.

ADIEU vain mirth and noisy joys,
Ye gay desires, deluding toys!
Thou, thoughtful Melancholy! deign
To hide me in thy pensive train;
If by the fall of murm'ring floods,
Where awful shades imbrown the woods,
Or if where winds in caverns groan
Thou wand'rest silent and alone;
Come, blissful Mourner! wisely sad,
In Sorrow's garb, in sable clad,
Henceforth thou, Care! my hours employ;
Sorrow! be thou henceforth my joy;
By tombs where sullen spirits stalk
Familiar with the dead I walk,
While to my sighs and groans by turns
From graves the midnight Echo mourns.
Open thy marble jaws, O Tomb!
Tho' earth conceal me in thy womb;
And you, ye Worms! this frame confound,
Ye brother reptiles of the ground.

O Life! frail offspring of a day!

'Tis puff'd with one short gasp away!
Swift as the short-liv'd flow'r it flies:
It springs, it blooms, it fades, it dies!

24

With cries we usher in our birth,
With groans resign our transient breath;
While round, stern ministers of Fate!
Pain, and Disease, and Sorrow, wait.

28

While childhood reigns the sportive boy
Learns only prettily to toy;
And while he roves from play to play
The wanton trifles life away.

32

When to the noon of life we rise
The man grows elegant in vice;
To glorious guilt in courts he climbs,
Vilely judicious in his crimes.

36

When youth and strength in age are lost
Man seems already half a ghost;
Wither'd and wan to earth he bows,
A walking hospital of woes!

40

O Happiness! thou empty name!
Say, art thou bought by gold or fame?
What art thou, Gold! but shining earth?
Thou, common Fame! but common breath?

44

If virtue contradicts the voice
Of publick fame applause is noise
Ev'n victors are by conquest curs'd:
The bravest warrior is the worst. 48

Look round on all that man below
Idly calls Great, and all is show:
All, to the coffin from our birth,
In this vast toyshop of the earth. 52

Come then, O friend of virtuous woe,
With solemn pace, demure, and slow
Lo! sad and serious I pursue
Thy steps—Adieu, vain World! adieu. 56

THE COY.

AN ODE.

Love is a noble rich repast,
But seldom should the lover taste;
When the kind fair no more restrains
The glutton surfeits and disdains. 4

To move the nymph he tears bestows;
He vainly sighs, he falsely vows:
The tears deceive, the vows betray;
He conquers and contemns the prey. 8

Thus Ammon's son with fierce delight
 Smil'd at the terrors of the fight;
 The thoughts of conquest charm'd his eyes;
 He conquer'd, and he wept the prize. 12

Love, like a prospect, with delight
 Sweetly deceives the distant sight,
 Where the tir'd travellers survey
 O'er hanging rocks a dang'rous way. 16

Ye Fair! that would victorious prove,
 Seem but half kind when most ye love:
 Damon pursues if Cælia flies,
 But when her love is born his dies. 20

Had Danae the young, the fair,
 Been free and unconfin'd as air;
 Free from the guards and brazen tow'r,
 She'd ne'er been worth a golden show'r. 24

 IMITATIONS.

PART OF THE TENTH BOOK OF

THE ILIADS OF HOMER,

IN THE STYLE OF MILTON.

Now high advanc'd the night; o'er all the host
 Sleep shed his softest balm: restless alone
 Atreides lay, and cares revolv'd on cares,
 As when with rising vengeance gloomy Jove
 Pours down a wat'ry deluge, or in storms
 Of hail or snow commands the goaty jaws
 Of War to roar, thro' all the kindling skies
 With flaming wings on lightnings lightnings play;
 So while Atreides meditates the war
 Sighs after sighs burst from his manly breast
 And shake his inmost soul: round o'er the fields
 To Troy he turns his eyes, and round beholds
 A thousand fires blaze dreadful! thro' his ears
 Passes the direful symphony of war,
 Of fife or pipe, and the loud hum of hosts
 Strikes him dismay'd: now o'er the Grecian tents
 His eyes he rolls; now from his royal head
 Rends the fair curl in sacrifice to Jove,
 And his brave heart heaves with imperial woes.
 Thus groans the thoughtful King, at length resolves

To seek the Pylian sage, in wise debate 21
 To ripen high designs, and from the sword
 Preserve his banded legions. Pale and sad
 Uprose the monarch; instant o'er his breast
 A robe he threw, and on his royal feet 25
 Glitter'd th' embroider'd sandals; o'er his back
 A dreadful ornament, a lion's spoils,
 With hideous grace down to his ankles hung;
 Fierce in his hand he grasp'd a glitt'ring spear.

With equal care was Menelaus toss'd; 30
 Sleep from his temples fled: his gen'rous heart
 Felt all his people's woes, who in his cause
 Stemm'd the proud main, and nobly stood in arms
 Confronting death. A le'pard's spotted spoils 35
 Terrifick clad his limbs; a brazen helm
 Beam'd on his head, and in his hand a spear.
 Forth from his tent the royal Spartan strode
 To wake the King of Men: him wak'd he found
 Clasping his polish'd arms: with rising joy
 The heroes meet; the Spartan thus began: 40

"Why thus in arms, my Prince! Send'st thou some
 "To view the Trojan host? alas! I fear [spy
 "Lest the most dauntless sons of glorious war
 "Shrink at the bold design. This task demands
 "A soul resolv'd to pass the gloom of night, 45
 "And 'midst her legions search the powers of Troy."
 "O Prince!" he cries, "in this disastrous hour
 "Greece all our counsel claims; now, now demands

" Our deepest cares. The Pow'r Omnipotent
 " Frowns on our arms, but smiles with aspect mild 50
 " On Hector's incense. Heav'ns! what son of Fame
 " Renown'd in story e'er such deeds achiev'd
 " In a whole life as in one glorious day
 " This fav'rite of the skies? and yet a man!
 " A mortal! born to die! but such his deeds 55
 " As future Grecians shall repeat with tears
 " To children yet unborn.—But haste, repair
 " To Ajax and Idomeneus; we wake
 " Ourself the Pylian sage; to keep the guards
 " On duty be his care; for o'er the guards 60
 " His son presides nocturnal, and in arms
 " His great compeer, Meriones the bold."
 " But say," rejoins the Prince, " these orders borne
 " There shall I stay, or measuring back the shores
 " To thee return?"—"No more return," replies
 " The King of Hosts, " lest treading diff'rent ways 66
 " We meet no more; for thro' the camp the ways
 " Lie intricate and various; but aloud
 " Wake ev'ry Greek to martial fame and arms;
 " Teach them to emulate their godlike fires, 70
 " And thou a while forget thy royal birth
 " And share a soldier's cares. The proudest king
 " Is but exalted dust; and when great Jove
 " Call'd us to life and gave us royal pow'r
 " He gave a sad preeminence of woes." 75
 He spoke, and to the tent of Nestor turns

His step majestic. On his couch he found
 The hoary warrior; all around him lay
 His arms, the shield, the spears, the radiant helm,
 And scarf of various dye: with these array'd 80
 The rev'rend father to the field of fame
 Led his bold files; for with a brave disdain
 Old as he was he scorn'd the ease of age!

Sudden the monarch starts, and half uprais'd
 Thus to the King aloud: "What art thou? say. 85
 "Why in the camp alone? while others sleep
 "Why wand'rest thou obscure the midnight hours?
 "Seek'st thou some centinel or absent friend?
 "Speak instant!—Silent to advance is death."

"O pride of Greece!" the plaintive King returns,
 "Here in thy tent thou Agamemnon view'st, 91
 "A prince the most unhappy of mankind:
 "Woes I endure which none but kings can feel,
 "Which ne'er will cease until forgot in death:
 "Penfive I wander thro' the damp of night, 95
 "Thro' the cold damp of night, distress'd, alone,
 "And sleep has grown a stranger to my eyes:
 "The weight of all the war, the load of woes
 "That presses ev'ry Greek, united falls
 "On me—the cares of all the host are mine; 100
 "Grief discomposes and distracts my thoughts;
 "My restless panting heart, as if it strove
 "To force its prison, beats against my sides;
 "My strength is fail'd, and ev'n my feet refuse
 "To bear so great a load of wretchedness! 105

"But if thy wakeful cares (for o'er thy head
 "Wakeful the hours glide on) have aught matur'd
 "Useful, the thought unfold. But rise, my Friend!
 "Visit with me the watches of the night, 109
 "Left tir'd they sleep while Troy with all her war
 "Hangs o'er our tents, and now, perhaps ev'n now,
 "Arms her proud bands. Arise, my Friend! arise."
 To whom the Pylian. "Think not, mighty King!
 "Jove ratifies vain Hector's haughty views;
 "A sudden sad reverse of mighty woes 115
 "Waits that audacious victor when in arms
 "Dreadful Achilles shines. But now thy steps
 "Nestor attends: be it our care to wake
 "Sage Ithacus, and Diomed the brave,
 "Meges the bold, and in the race renown'd 120
 "Oilean Ajax: to the ships that guard
 "Outmost the camp some other speed his way
 "To raise stern Ajax and the Cretan king.
 "But love nor rev'rence to the mighty name
 "Of Menelaus, nor thy wrath, O King! 125
 "Shall stop my free rebuke. Sleep is a crime
 "When Agamemnon wakes; on him it lies
 "To share thy martial toils, to court the peers
 "To act the men: this hour claims all our cares."
 "Reserve," rejoins the King, "for future hours 130
 "Thy gen'rous anger. Seems the royal youth
 "Remiss? It is not thro' indolence of soul,

"But deference to our pow'r; for our commands
 "He waits, and follows when we lead the way."
 "This night disdaining rest his steps he bent" 135
 "To our pavilion: now th' illustrious peers
 "Rais'd at his call a chosen synod stand
 "Before the gates. Haste, Nestor, haite away."
 To whom the sage well pleas'd. "In such brave
 "No Greek will envy pow'r. With loyal joy [hands
 "Subjects obey when men of worth command." 141
 He added not, but o'er his manly breast
 Flung a rich robe; beneath his royal feet
 The glitt'ring sandals shone; a soft large vest,
 Florid with purple wool, his aged limbs 145
 Graceful adorn'd; tipt with a star of brass
 A pond'rous lance he grasp'd, and strode away
 To wake sage Ithacus. Aloud his voice
 He rais'd; his voice was heard, and from his tent
 Instant Ulysses sprung. "And why," he cry'd, 150
 "Why thus abroad in the chill hours of night?
 "What new distress invades?"—"Forgive my
 Reply'd the hoary sage; "for Greece I wake; [cares,"
 "Greece and her dangers bring me to thy tent:
 "But haste, our wakeful peers in council meet: 155
 "This, this one night determines flight or war.
 Swift at the word he seiz'd his ample shield
 And strode along; and now they bend their way
 To wake the brave Tydides: him they found
 Stretch'd on the earth array'd in shining arms, 160

And round his brave companions of the war :
 Their shields sustain'd their heads; erect their spears
 Shot thro' th' illumin'd air a streaming ray
 Keen as Jove's lightning wing'd athwart the skies.
 Thus slept the chief; beneath him on the ground 165
 A savage bull's black hide was roll'd, his head
 A splendid carpet bore; the slumb'ring king
 The Pylian gently with these words awakes : 168

"Rise, son of Tydeus! ill a whole night's rest [Troy
 "Suits with the brave; and sleep'st thou while proud
 "Hangs o'er our tents, and from yon' joining hill
 "Prepares her war? Awake, my Friend! awake."

Sudden the chief awoke, and mildly gave 173
 This soft reply : "O! cruel to thy age,
 "Thou good old man! ne'er wilt thou, wilt thou
 "To burthen age with cares? Has Greece no youths
 "To wake the peers? Unweary'd man! to bear 177
 "At once the double load of toils and years!"

"'Tis true," he cry'd, "my subjects and my sons
 "Might ease a fire and king; but rest is a crime 180
 "When on the edge of fate our country stands:
 "Ere yet a few hours more have run their course,
 "Important space! Greece triumphs or Greece falls!
 "But since an old man's care thy pity moves,
 "Haste, gen'rous Youth! with speed to council call
 "Meges the brave, and in the race renown'd 186
 "Oilean Ajax."——Straight the chief obey'd,
 Straight o'er his shoulders flung the shaggy spoils

Mij

Of a huge tawny lion; with dire grace
 Down to his feet they hung; fierce in his hand 190
 He grasp'd a glitt'ring spear, and join'd the guards.
 Wakeful in arms they sat, a faithful band!
 As watchful dogs protect the fleecy train:
 When the stern lion, furious for his prey,
 Rushes thro' crashing woods, and on the fold 195
 Springs from some mountain's brow, while mingled
 Of men and hounds alarm; to ev'ry sound
 Faithful they turn; so thro' the gloom of night
 They cast their view, and caught each noise of Troy.

Now met th' illustrious lyned; down they sat, 200
 Down on a spot of ground unstain'd with blood,
 Where vengeful Hector from the slaughter stay'd
 His murd'rous arm when the dark veil of night
 Sabled the pole; to whom thus Nestor spake:

"Lives there a son of Fame so nobly brave 205
 "That Troyward dares to trace the dang'rous way
 "To seize some straggling foe, or learn what Troy
 "Now meditates to pour the flood of war
 "Fierce on our fleet, or back within her walls
 "Lead her proud legions? O! what fame would crown
 "The hero thus triumphant, prais'd o'er earth 211
 "Above the sons of men! and what rewards
 "Should he receive! from ev'ry grateful peer
 "A sable ewe and lamb, of highest worth
 "Memorial, to a brave heroick heart 215
 "The noblest prize! and at the social feast
 "Amongst the great be his the seat of fame."

Abash'd they sat, and ev'n the brave knew fear.
Not so Tydides; unappall'd he rose,
And nobly spoke: "My soul, O rev'rend Sage!
"Fires at the bold design; thro' yon' black host
"Vent'rous I bend my way; but if his aid
"Some warrior lend, my courage might arise
"To nobler heights: the wise by mutual aid
"Instruct the wise, and brave men fire the brave." 125

Fierce at the word up started from the ground
The stern Ajaces, fierce bold Merion rose,
And Thrasymedes, sons of war; nor sat
The royal Spartan, nor great Nestor's heir,
Nor greater Ithacus; his manly heart
Swell'd at the view of fame.—Elate with joy
Atrides saw; "and O thou best of Friends!
"Brave Diomed!" he cries, "of all the peers
"Chuse thou the valiantest: when Merit pleads
"Titles no deference claim: high birth and state
"To valour yield; and worth is more than pow'r."

Thus fearing for his brother spoke the King;
Not long, for Diomed dispels his fears.

"Since free my choice can I forget my friend,
"The man for wisdom's various arts renown'd, 240
"The man whose dauntless soul no toils dismay,
"Ulysses! lov'd by Pallas! thro' his aid
"Tho' thousand fires oppose, a thousand fires
"Oppose in vain; his wisdom points the way."

M iij

"Nor praise nor blame," the hero straight replies;
 "You speak to Greeks, and they Ulysses know. 246
 "But haste, swift roll the hours of night; the Morn
 "Already hastens to display her beams, 247
 "And in the vault of Heav'n the stars decay." 248
 Swift at the word they sheath their manly limbs
 Horrid in arms; a two-edg'd sword and shield 249
 Nestor's bold son to stern Tydides gave; 250
 A tough bull's hide his ample helmet form'd;
 No cone adorn'd it, and no plummy crest
 Wav'd in the air; a quiver and a bow, 251
 And a huge falchion, great Ulysses bears, 252
 The gift of Merion; on his head an helm
 Of leather nodd'd, firm within, and bound
 With many a thong; without in dreadful rows
 The snowy tusks of a huge savage boar 253
 Grim'd horrible! Thus arm'd away they stalk
 Undaunted. O'er their heads the Martial Maid
 Sends on the fight an herny the ambient gloom
 Conceals him from the view, but loud in air
 They hear the clangour of his sounding wings: 254
 Joyful the prosperous sign Ulysses hail'd,
 And thus to Pallas: "Offspring of dread Jove,
 "Who hurls the burning bolts, O guardian Pow'r!
 "Present in all my toils, who view'st my way
 "Where'er I move, now thy celestial aid, 255
 "Now, Goddess! lend: may deeds this night adorn,
 "Deeds that all Troy may weep! may we return
 "In safety by thy guidance, heav'nly Maid!"

Tydides caught the word; "And O! he cries,
 "Virgin armipotent! now grant thy aid;
 "As to my fire. He by the gulfy flood
 "Of deep Æfopus left th' embattled hands
 "Of Greece in arms, and to imperial Thebes
 "Bore terms of peace; but as from haughty Thebes
 "Alone he journey'd, deeds, heroick deeds!
 "His arm achley'd, for Tydeus was thy care;
 "Thus guard his offspring, O stern queen of Arms!
 "So shall an heifer on thy altars bleed
 "Young and untam'd; to thee her blood I pour,
 "And point her lunar horns with burnish'd gold.
 Thus pray the chiefs, and Pallas hears their pray'r:
 Then like two lions thro' the shades of night
 Dauntless they stride along, and hold their way
 Thro' blood and mangled limbs, o'er arms and death;
 Nor pass they far ere the sagacious eye
 Of Ithacus discerns a distant foe
 Coasting from Troy, and thus to Dioned:
 "See, o'er the plain some Trojan bends this way,
 "Perhaps to spoil the slain; or to our host
 "Comes he a spy? beyond us o'er the field
 "'Tis best he pass, then sudden from behind
 "Rush we precipitant; but if in sight
 "His active feet prevail, thy spear employ
 "To force him on our lines, lest hid in shades
 "Thro' the dusk air he re-escape to Troy."

Then couching to the ground ambush'd they lay
 Behind a hill of slain: onward the spy
 Incessant mov'd: he pass'd, and now arose
 The fierce pursuers. Dolon heard the sound
 Of trampling feet, and panting list'ning stood.
 Now reach'd the chiefs within a jav'lin's throw,
 Stern foes of Dolon! swift along the shores
 He wing'd his flight, and swift along the shores
 They still pursu'd; as when two skilful hounds
 Chase o'er the lawn the hare or bounding roe,
 Still from the sheltering brake the game they turn,
 Stretch ev'ry nerve, and bear upon the prey;
 So ran the chiefs, and from the host of Troy
 Turn'd the swift foe: now nigh the fleet they flew,
 Now almost mingled with the guards, when lo!
 The Martial Goddess breath'd heroick flames
 Fierce on Tydides' soul: the hero fear'd
 Lest some bold Greek should interpose a wound,
 And ravish half the glories of the night.
 Furious he shook his lance, and, "Stand," he cry'd;
 "Stand, or thou dy'st;" then sternly from his arm
 Launch'd the wild spear: wilful the jav'lin err'd,
 But whizzing o'er his shoulder deep in earth
 Stood quiv'ring, and he quaking stopp'd aghast:
 His teeth all chatter'd, and his slack knees knock'd;
 He seem'd the bloodless image of pale Fear.
 Panting the spy they seize, who thus with tears
 Abject intreats: "Spare me, O spare!" he cries;

" My hoary fire your mercy shall repay,
 " Soon as he hears I draw the vital air, 330
 " With ample wealth, with steel, with brass, with
 " To whom Ulysses artfully: " Be bold; [gold."
 " Far hence the thought of death; but instant say
 " Why thus alone in the still hours of night
 " While ev'ry eye is clos'd? to spoil the slain 335
 " Com'st thou rapacious? or some nightly spy
 " By Hector sent? or has thy vent'rous mind
 " Impell'd thee to explore our martial bands?
 " By Hector sent, and by rewards undone,"
 Returns the spy, (still as he spoke he shook) 340
 " I come unwilling: the refulgent car
 " He promis'd and immortal steeds that bear
 " To fight the great Achilles. Thus betray'd
 " Thro' the dun shades of night I bend my way
 " Unprosperous, to explore the tented host 345
 " Of adverse Greece, and learn if now they stand
 " Wakeful on guard, or vanquish'd by our arms
 " Precipitant desert the shores of Troy." 348
 " To whom with smiles of scorn the sage returns:
 " Bold were thy aims, O Youth! but those proud
 " Restive, disdain the rule of vulgar hands. [steeds,
 " Scarce ev'n the goddess-born, when the loud din
 " Of battle roars, subdues them, to the rein 353
 " Reluctant. But this night where Hector sleeps
 " Faithful disclose; where stand the warrior's steeds;
 " Where lie his arms and implements of war; 356

"What guards are kept nocturnal. Say what Troy
 "Now meditates; to pour the tide of fight
 "Fierce on our fleet, or back within her walls [cries;
 "Transfer the war?"—"To these demands," he
 "Faithful my tongue shall speak. The peers of Troy
 "Hector in council meets; round Ilus' tomb 362
 "Apart from noise they stand; no guards surround
 "The spacious host; where thro' the gloom yon' fires
 "Blaze frequent, Trojans wake to guard their Troy:
 "Secure th' auxiliars sleep; no tender cares 366
 "Of wife or son disturb their calm repose;
 "Safe sleep their wives and sons on foreign shores."
 "But say, apart encamp th' auxiliar bands,"
 Replies the sage, "or join the pow'rs of Troy?" 370
 "Along the sea-beat shores," returns the spy,
 "The Leleges and Carians stretch their files;
 "Near these the Caecons, and Pelasgian train,
 "And Pæons, dreadful with the battle-bow, 375
 "Extended lie; on the Thymbrean plain
 "The Lyfians and the Mysians in array
 "Spread their deep ranks; there the Mæonian bands,
 "And Phrygians, range the fiery steeds of war.
 "But why this nice enquiry? if your way
 "Vent'rous you bend to search the host of Troy,
 "There in yon' outmost lines, a recent aid, 381
 "The Thracians lie, by Rhesus led, whose steeds
 "Outshine the snow, outfly the winged winds:
 "With glitt'ring silver plates and radiant gold 385

" His chariot flames; gold forms his dazzling arms,
 " Arms that may grace a god! — But to your tents
 " Unhappy me convey; or bound with chains, 387
 " Fast bound with cruel chains! sad on the shores
 " Here leave me captive till you safe return,
 " And witness to the truth my tongue unfolds." 390
 To whom stern-frowning Diomed replies:
 " Tho' every syllable be stamp'd with truth,
 " Dolon! thou dy'st. Wouldst thou once more return
 " Darkling a spy, or wage, a nobler foe!
 " New war on Greece? Traitor! thou dy'st, nor more
 " New war thou wagest nor return'st a spy." 396

He spoke terrifick; and as Dolon rais'd
 Suppliant his humble hands, the trenchant blade
 Sheer thro' his neck descends; the furious blow 399
 Cleaves the tough nerves in twain; down drops the
 And mutters unintelligible sounds. [head,
 Straight they despoil the dead; the wolf's grey hide
 They seize, the helm, the spear, and battle-bow :
 These as they dropp'd with gore on high in air
 Ulysses rais'd, and to the Martial Maid 405
 Thus lowly consecrates: " Stern Pow'r of War!
 " Virgin armipotent! receive these arms;
 " Propitious to my vows thee, Goddess! thee
 " Chiefly I call; direct our prosperous way
 " To pierce the Thracian tents, to seize the steeds
 " Of Rhesus, and the car that flames with gold." 411
 Then fierce o'er broken arms thro' streams of blood
 They move along; now reach the Thracian bands

All hush'd in sleep profound; their shining arms
 Rang'd in three ranks along the plain around 413
 Illumin'd the dun air: chariot and horse
 By every Thracian stood: Rhesus their king
 Slept in the centre of the circling bands,
 And his proud steeds were rein'd behind his car.
 With joy Ulysses thro' the gloom descry'd 420
 The sleeping King; "And lo!" he cries, "the steeds!
 "Lo! Diomed, the chief of Thrace, this night
 "Describ'd by Dolon. Now, O! now thy strength
 "Dauntless exert! loose thou the furious steeds,
 "Or while the steeds I loose with slaughter ring hands
 "Invade the soldiery." He spoke, and now 426
 The queen of Arms inflam'd Tydides' soul
 With all her martial fires: his reeking blade
 On ev'ry side dealt fate. Low hollow groans
 Murmur'd around; blood o'er the crimson field 430
 Well'd from the slain. As in his nightly haunts
 The surly lion rushes on the fold
 Of sheep or goat, and rends th' unguarded prey,
 So he the Thracian bands: twelve by his sword
 Lay breathless on the ground: behind him stood 435
 Sage Ithacus, and as the warrior slew
 Swift he remov'd the slain, lest the fierce steeds,
 Not yet inur'd to blood, should trembling start,
 Impatient of the dead. Now o'er the King
 He whirls his wrathful blade, now furious gores 440
 His heaving chest. He wak'd not, but a dream

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By Pallas sent, rose in his anxious thoughts;
 A visionary warrior frowning stood
 Fast by his head, and his aerial sword [fleeds
 Plung'd thro' his lab'ring breast. Meanwhile the
 The sage unbinds, and instant with his bow 446
 Drives thro' the sleeping ranks; then to his friend
 Gave signals of retreat: but nobler deeds
 He meditates, to drag the radiant car,
 Or lift it thro' the threefold ranks; up-borne 450
 High on his shoulders, or with slaughter stain
 Th' ensanguin'd field; when lo! the Martial Maid
 Down rushes from the battlements of heav'n, 453
 And sudden cries, "Return, brave Chief! return,
 " Lest from the skies some guardian pow'r of Troy
 " Wrathful descend, and rouse the hostile bands."
 Thus speaks the Warrior queen; the heav'nly voice
 Tydides owns, and mounts the fiery fleeds, 458
 Observant of the high command: the bow
 Sage Ithacus apply'd, and tow'rd the tents [plain.
 Scourg'd the proud fleeds: the fleeds flew o'er the

FROM THE ELEVENTH BOOK OF
 THE ILIADS OF HOMER,

IN THE STYLE OF MILTON.

Now gay Aurora from Tithonus' bed
 Rose in the orient to proclaim the day

To gods and men. Down to the Grecian tents
 Saturnian Jove sends Discord, red with blood;
 War in her hand she grasps, ensigns of war.
 On brave Ulysses' ship she took her stand,
 The centre of the host, that all might hear
 Her dreadful voice. Her dreadful voice she rais'd;
 Jarring along the rattling shores it ran
 To the fleet's wide extremes; Achilles heard,
 And Ajax heard, the sound. With martial fires
 Now ev'ry bosom burns; arms, glorious arms!
 Fierce they demand. The noble Orthian song
 Swells ev'ry heart: no coward thoughts of flight
 Rise in their souls, but blood they breathe and war. 15

Now by the trench * profound the charioteers
 Range their proud steeds; now car by car displays
 A direful front; now o'er the trembling field
 Rushes th' embattled foot: noise rends the skies,
 Noise unextinguish'd. Ere the beamy day
 Flam'd in th' aerial vault stretch'd in the van
 Stood the bold infantry: the rushing cars
 Form'd the deep rear in battailous array.
 Now from his heav'ns Jove hurls his burning bolts,
 Hoarse mutt'ring thunders grumble in the sky, 25
 While from the clouds instead of morning-dews
 Huge drops of blood distain the crimson ground:
 Fatal preface that in that dreadful day
 The great should bleed, imperial heads lie low!

Meantime the bands of Troy in proud array 30
 Stand to their arms, and from a rising ground
 Breathe furious war. Here gath'ring hosts attend
 The tow'ring Hector; there refulgent bands
 Surround Polydamas; Æneas there
 Marshals his dauntless files; nor unemploy'd 35
 Stand Polybus, Agenor great in arms,
 And Acamas, whose frame the gods endow'd
 With more than mortal charms. Fierce in the van
 Stern Hector shines, and shakes his blazing shield;
 As the fierce Dogstar with malignant fires 40
 Flames in the front of heav'n, then lost in clouds
 Veils his pernicious beams, from rank to rank
 So Hector strode. Now dreadful in the van
 Advanc'd his son-broad shield; now to the rear
 Swift rushing disappear'd: his radiant arms 45
 Blaz'd on his limbs, and, bright as Jove's dire bolts,
 Flash'd o'er the field, and lighten'd to the skies.

As toiling reapers in some spacious field,
 Rang'd in two bands, move adverse, rank on rank,
 Where o'er the tilth the grain in ears of gold 50
 Waves nodding to the breeze, at once they bend,
 At once the copious harvest swells the ground,
 So rush to battle o'er the dreadful field
 Host against host. They meet, they close, and ranks
 Tumble on ranks. No thoughts appear of flight, 55
 None of dismay. Doubtous in even scales
 The battle hangs: not fiercer ravenous wolves

Dispute the prey. The deathful scene with joy
 Discord, dire parent of tremendous woes!
 Surveys exultant. Of th' immortal train 60
 Discord alone descends, assists alone
 The horrors of the field. In peace the gods
 High in Olympian bow'rs on radiant thrones
 Lament the woes of man; but loud complaints
 From ev'ry god arose. Jove favours'd Troy; 65
 At partial Jove they murmur'd: he unmov'd
 All heav'n in murmurs heard: apart he sat
 Enthron'd in glory. Down to earth he turn'd
 His stedfast eye, and from his throne survey'd
 The rising tow'rs of Troy, the tented shores, 70
 The blaze of arms, the slayer and the slain.

While with his morning wheels the god of Day
 Climb'd up the steep of heav'n, with equal rage
 In murd'rous storms the shafts from host to host
 Flew adverse, and in equal numbers fell 75
 Promisc'ous Greek and Trojan, till the hour
 When the tir'd woodman in the shady vale
 Spreads his penurious meal, when high the sun
 Flames in the zenith, and his sinewy arms
 Scarce wield the pond'rous ax, while hunger keen 80
 Admonishes, and nature spent with toil
 Craves due repast—then Greece the ranks of Troy
 With horrid inroad goar'd. Fierce from the van
 Sprung the stern King of Men*, and breathing death,

* Agamemnon, v. 148.

Where in firm battle Trojans band by band
 Embod' d stood, pursu'd his dreadful way:
 His host his step attends. Now glows the war;
 Horse treads on horse, and man encount'ring man
 Swells the dire field with death. The plunging steeds
 Beat the firm globes; thick dust in rising clouds
 Darkens the sky; indignant o'er the plain
 Atrides stalks; death ev'ry step attends.
 As when in some huge forest sudden flames
 Rage dreadful when rough winds assist the blast,
 From tree to tree the fiery torrent rolls,
 And the vast forest sinks with all its grove
 Beneath the burning deluge; so whole hosts
 Yield to Atrides' arm, our against can
 Rush'd rattling o'er the field, and thro' the ranks
 Unguided broke, while breathless on the ground
 Lay the pale charioteers, in death deform'd
 To their chaste brides sad spectacles of woe,
 Now only grateful to the fowls of air.

Meantime, the race of Jove, great Hector stood
 Secure in scenes of death, in storms of darts,
 In slaughter and alarms, in dust and blood.
 Still Agamemnon rushing o'er the field
 Leads his bold bands; whole hosts before him fly:
 Now Ilus' tomb they pass, now urge their way
 Close by the fig-tree shade; with shouts the King
 Pursues the foe incessant; dust and blood
 Blood mix'd with dust, distains his murd'rous hands.

As when a lion in the gloom of night
 Invades an herd of bees o'er all the plains
 Trembling they scatter, furious on the prey
 The gen'rous savage flies, and with fierce joy
 Seizes the last, his hungry foaming jaws
 Churn the black blood, and rend the panting prey;
 Thus fled the foe, Atrides thus pursu'd,
 And still the hindmost flew. They from their cars
 Fell headlong, for his jav'lin, wild for blood,
 Rag'd terribly. And now proud Troy had fall'n;
 But the dread fire of men and gods descends
 Terrifick from his heav'n! His vengeful hand
 Ten thousand thunders grasps. On Ida's heights
 He takes his stand; it shakes with all its groves
 Beneath the god: the god suspends the war.

MONS. MAYNARD IMITATED.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD CORNWALLIS.

While past its noon the lamp of life declines,
 And age my vital flame invades,
 Faint and more faint as it descends it shines,
 And hastes, alas! to set in shades:
 Then some kind pow'r shall guide my ghost to glades
 Where, seated by Elysian springs,
 Fam'd Addison attunes to patriot shades
 His lyre, and Albion's glory sings.

There round majestick shades and heroes' forms
Will throng to learn what pilot guides,
Watchful, Britannia's helm thro' factious storms,
And curbs the murm'ring rebel tides. 12

I tell how Townshend treads the glorious path
That leads the great to deathless fame,
And dwell at large on spotless English faith
While Walpole is the fav'rite theme. 16

How, nobly rising in their country's cause,
The stedfast arbiters of right
Exalt the just and good to guard her laws,
And call forth Merit into light. 20

A loud applause around the echoing coast
Of all the pleas'd Elysium flies.—

“But, Friend! what place had you,” replies some ghost,
“When merit was the way to rise? 24

“What deanery or prebend thine declare?”

Good Heav'ns! unable to reply,

How like a stupid idiot I should stare?

An answer, good my Lord! supply. 28

AN EXPLICATION

Of the Battle between the Gods and Giants.

IT is the opinion of many learned men that the fable of The Battle between the Gods and the Giants is a physical allegory, invented by the Ancients not only to denote the war between the superiour and inferiour elements in their original chaos, but in particular to express the nature of the winds enclosed in the bowels of the earth, which struggling for enlargement have been supposed to be the causes of earthquakes and other dreadful commotions: but the allegory is not to be confined solely to the winds; the subterraneous fires are likewise denoted by it, which bursting from the earth (as from *Ætna* and *Vesuvius*) as it were assault the skies, and war with the superiour elements. These are the Titans that hurl rocks against the Gods; these are the Jupiter and Typhoeus of the Ancients; for Jupiter in their Mythology constantly represents the superiour element. Virgil is scarce more than a true historian in his description of *Ætna*;

Interdum scopulos, avulsaq; viscera montis
Erigit eructans, liquefactaq; saxa sub auras
Cum gemitu glomerat.

That poet directly applies these commotions to one of the Giants who is fabled to have warred with Heaven; an argument that he understood that fiction to be a physical allegory.

Fama est, Enceladi semastum fulmine corpus
 Urgere mole hae, ingentemq; insuper Ætnam
 Impositam, ruptis flammam expirare Caminis:
 Et, fessum quoties mutat latus, intremere omnem
 Murmure Trinaeriam.

Æn. iii.

This interpretation will give great light to the following translation from Hesiod's Theogony.

When we read that the earth and the poles shook in the conflict, this we easily solve from the nature of earthquakes and the violence of lightning and thunder. When rocks and hills are said to be removed by the Giants it is literally true, as appears from the best descriptions of burning mountains. When those monsters are feigned to be buried beneath them, we are to understand that the lodgement of subterraneous fires is in the entrails of mountains, and must be so according to true philosophy; for the internal fires, by a continual rarefaction and expansion of the enclosed air, heave up the ground till it swells into a mountain, or breaks out into fiery eruptions. Thus also when we read of the structure beneath the earth framed by Neptune, from whence all rivers and fountains rise, we are to have recourse to the opinions of the Ancients, who imagined that not only fountains but rivers were fed by secret channels from the ocean, that is, from Neptune, the god of it. By the waters that float in the air are meant the vapours exhaled from the seas, &c. which fall in hail, snow, dew, or rain. When Jupiter is said to blast Typhoeus with

lightning, we are taught a piece of natural philosophy, viz. that the mines of sulphur lodged in the earth are fired by lightning, which occasions violent eruptions; or, as the fable expresses it, a war between Jupiter and Typhoeus. The allegory further adds that storms are raised by Typhoeus: and it is a certain truth that from the chasms and vents on the tops of burning mountains a continual wind issues forth, occasioned by the rarefaction of the enclosed air, which consequently ascends and breaks out with violence. And indeed the winds were anciently imagined to rise from the earth; hence the poets feigned that Æolus kept them imprisoned in a dungeon, and when he let them out they caused storms and hurricanes. Thus Virgil;

—Hic vasto Rex Æolus Antro
 Luctantes ventos, lætæque sonoras
 Imperio premit.

From this Explication the reader will not be surprised when he sees the description of the variety of noises uttered by Typhoeus;

Now bellowing like a savage bull they roar,
 Or angry lions in the midnight hour, &c.

They happily represent the dreadful uproar made by the violence of the fiery eruptions, and the hundred mouths of the Giants mean only the number of the vents through which they issue at one time. It is not difficult to explain why the day and the night are

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imagined to reside alternately behind Atlas, and why he is feigned to support the heavens. Atlas is an exceeding high mountain, and for that reason is fabled to sustain the spheres; and because such high hills intercept the beams of the sun the night and the day are said to reside behind them. And thus we still describe the beginning and conclusion of the day by saying the sun rises above the eastern or sinks behind the western hills.

Milton has not only made great use of Hesiod's Battle of the Gods in his war between the good and bad angels in his *Paradise Lost*, but almost literally translated the foregoing incident;

————— There is a cave
Within the mount of God, fast by his throne,
Where light and darkness in perpetual round
Lodge and dislodge, &c.

Homer, in the xxi. book of *The Iliad*, has described a battle between the gods perhaps less successfully than other incidents of his inimitable poem. Hesiod upon comparison will be found here, and here only, equal if not superiour to that poet in sublimity. What seems chiefly blameable in Hesiod is his want of variety: almost all his images are drawn from thunder, earthquakes, and conflagrations; which however noble offend the reader by a too frequent repetition; whereas Homer abounds with a greater variety, which arises from the greater fertility of his invention.

I will only add that the four cardinal winds, which are said to be of a gentle nature, and to be sent from heaven, are described in that manner to denote the tranquillity of the superiour regions; and that when the poet tells us that Jupiter subdued the Titans, and reigned in peace, he means that the superiour elements, after their original conflict in the chaos, gained their natural station, and continue in tranquillity; or, in other words, that whatever commotions the inferiour elements may occasion in the superiour, yet at last they settle into order and harmony.

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TRANSLATIONS.

THE BATTLE

OF THE

GODS AND TITANS,

From the Theogony of Hesiod, with a Description of Tartarus, &c.

μάχην δ' ἀμέγαλτον ἔγειραν
Παῖρες, &c.

Θεογ. 666.

Now sounds the vault of heav'n with loud alarms,
And Gods by Gods embatt'ling rush to arms:
Here stalk the Titans of protentous size,
Burst from their dungeons and assault the skies;
And there, unchain'd from Erebus and Night,
Auxiliar Giants † aid the Gods in fight.
An hundred arms each tow'r-like warrior rears,
And stares from fifty heads amid the stars:
The dreadful brotherhood stern-frowning stands,
And hurls an hundred rocks from hundred hands:
The Titans rush'd with fury uncontroll'd;
Gods sunk on Gods, or Giant Giant roll'd.

† Eggon, Cottus, Gyges.

Then roar'd the ocean with a dreadful sound,
 Heav'n shook with all its thrones, and groan'd the
 Trembled th' eternal poles at ev'ry stroke, [ground;
 And frighted Hell from its foundation shook: 16
 Noise, horrid noise! th' aerial-region fills,
 Rocks dash on rocks, and hills encounter hills:
 Thro' earth, air, heav'n, tumult'ous clamours rise,
 And shouts of battle thunder in the skies: 20
 Then Jove omnipotent display'd the god,
 And all Olympus trembled as he trod.
 He grasps ten thousand thunders in his hand,
 Bares his red arm, and wields the forky brand;
 Then aims the bolts and bids his lightnings play; 25
 They flash, and rend thro' heav'n their flaming way.
 Redoubling blow on blow in wrath he moves,
 The sing'd earth groans, and burns with all her groves:
 The floods, the billows, boiling hiss with fires,
 And bick'ring flame and smould'ring smoke aspires.
 A night of clouds blots out the golden day; 31
 Full in their eyes the writhen lightnings play:
 Ev'n Chaos burns. Again earth groans, heav'n roars,
 As tumbling downward with its shining tow'rs;
 Or burst this earth, torn from her central place, 35
 With dire disruption from her deepest base.
 Nor slept the wind; the wind new horror forms,
 Clouds dash on clouds before th' outrageous storms,
 While tearing up the sands in drifts they rise,
 And half the deserts mount th' encumber'd skies. 40

At once the tempest bellows, lightnings fly,
The thunders roar, and clouds involve the sky.
Stupendous were the deeds of heav'nly might!
What less when gods conflicting cope in fight?
Now Heav'n its foes with horrid inroad gores, 45
And slow and sour recede the Giant pow'rs.
Here stalks Ægeon, here fierce Gyges moves,
There Cottus rends up hills with all their groves:
These hurl'd at once against the Titan bands 49
Three hundred mountains from three hundred hands,
And overshadowing, overwhelming bound
With chains infrangible beneath the ground.
Below this earth, far as earth's confines lie
Thro' space unmeasur'd from the starry sky,
Nine days an anvil of enormous weight 55
Down rushing headlong from th' aerial height
Scarce reaches earth, thence tofs'd in giddy rounds
Scarce reaches in nine days th' infernal bounds;
A wall of iron of stupendous height
Guards the dire dungeons black with threefold night;
High o'er the horrors of th' eternal shade 61
The steadfast base of earth and seas is laid;
There in coercive durance Jove detains
The groaning Titans in afflictive chains;
A seat of woe! remote from cheerful day, 65
Thro' gulfs impassable, a boundless way!
Above these realms a brazen structure stands
With brazen portals, fram'd by Neptune's hands;

Thro' chaos to the ocean's base it swells,
 There stern Ægeon with his Giants dwells, 75
 Fierce guards of Jove! from hence the fountains rise
 That wash the earth or wander thro' the skies,
 That groaning murmur thro' the realm of woes,
 Or feed the channels where the ocean flows:
 Collected horrors throng the dire abodes, 75
 Horrid and fell! detested ev'n by gods:
 Enormous gulf! immense the bounds appear,
 Wasteful and void! the journey of a year,
 Where beating storms, as in wild whirls they fight,
 Toss the pale wand'rer, and retoss thro' night. 80
 The pow'rs immortal with affright survey
 The hideous chasm, and seal it up from day.
 Hence thro' the vault of heav'n huge Atlas rears
 His giant limbs, and props the golden spheres.
 Here fable Night and here the beamy Day 85
 Lodge and dislodge, alternate in their sway.
 A brazen port the varying pow'rs divides;
 When Day forth issues here the Night resides;
 And when Night veils the skies obsequious Day,
 Re-ent'ring, plunges from the starry way. 90
 She from her lamp, with beaming radiance bright,
 Pours o'er th' expanded earth a flood of light;
 But Night, by Sleep attended, rides in shades,
 Brother of Death, and all that breathes invades;
 From her foul womb * they sprung, relentless pow'rs!
 Nurs'd in the horrors of Tartarean bow'rs, 96

* Of Night.

Remote from Day when with her flaming wheels
She mounts the skies or paints the western hills.

With downy footsteps Sleep in silence glides
O'er the wide earth and o'er the spacious tides, 100
The friend of life! Death unrelenting bears
An iron heart, and laughs at human cares:
She makes the mould'ring race of man her prey,
And ev'n th' immortal pow'rs detest her sway.

Thus fell the Titans * from th' realms above 105
Beneath the thunders of almighty Jove;
Then Earth impregnate felt maternal woes,
And shook thro' all her frame with teeming throes:
Hence rose Typhoeus, a gigantick birth,
A monster sprung from Tartarus and Earth, 110
A match for gods in might! On high he spreads
From his huge trunk an hundred dragons' heads,
And from an hundred mouths in vengeance flings
Envenom'd foam, and darts an hundred stings.

Horror terrifick frowns from ev'ry brow, 115
And like a furnace his red eyeballs glow;
Fires dart from ev'ry crest, and as he turns
Keen splendours flash, and all the Giant burns.
Whene'er he speaks in echoing thunders rise
An hundred voices, and affright the skies; 120
Unutterably fierce! the bright abodes
Frequent they shake, and terrify the gods:
Now bellowing like a savage bull they roar,
Or angry lions in the midnight hour;

Now yell like furious whelps, or hiss like snakes, 123
 The rocks rebound, and ev'ry mountain shakes:
 He hurl'd defiance 'gainst th' immortal pow'rs,
 And heav'n had seiz'd with all its shining tow'rs,
 But at the voice of Jove from pole to pole.
 Red lightnings flash, and raging thunders roll; 130
 Rattling o'er all th' expansion of the skies
 Bolt after bolt o'er earth and ocean flies.
 Stern frowns the God amidst the lightnings' blaze,
 Olympus shakes from his eternal base;
 Trembles the earth; fierce flame involves the poles,
 Devours the ground, and o'er the billows rolls: 136
 Fires from Typhoeus flash: with dreadful sound
 Storms rattle, thunder rolls, and groans the ground!
 Above, below, the conflagration roars;
 Ev'n the seas kindled burn thro' all their shores: 140
 Deluge of fire! earth rocks her tott'ring coasts,
 And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts;
 Ev'n the pale Titans, chain'd on burning shores,
 Start at the din that rends th' infernal shores;
 Then in full wrath Jove all the God applies, 145
 And all his thunders burst at once the skies,
 And rushing gloomy from th' Olympian brow
 He blasts the Giant with th' Almighty blow;
 The Giant tumbling sinks beneath the wound,
 And with enormous ruin rocks the ground. 150
 Nor yet the lightnings of th' Almighty stay,
 Thro' the sing'd earth they burst their burning way;

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Earth kindling inward melts in all her caves,
And hissing floats with fierce metallick waves;
As iron fusile from the furnace flows, 155
Or molten ore with keen effulgence glows,
When the dire bolts of Jove stern Vulcan frames,
In burning channels roll the liquid flames.

Thus melted earth, and Jove from realms on high
Plung'd the huge Giant to the nether sky. 160

Then from Typhoeus sprung the winds that bear
Storms on their wings and thunder in the air;
But from the Gods descend, of milder kind!

The East, the West, the South, and Boreal wind:
These in soft whispers breathe a friendly breeze, 165

Play thro' the groves or sport upon the seas;
They fan the sultry air with cooling gales,
And waft from realm to realm the flying sails;
The rest in storms of sounding whirlwinds fly,
Toss the wild waves and battle in the sky, 170

Fatal to man! at once all ocean roars,
And scatter'd navies bulge on distant shores;
Then thund'ring o'er the earth they rend their way,
Grass, herb, and flow'r, beneath their rage decay;
While tow'rs and domes, vain boasts of human trust!
Torn from their inmost base, are whelm'd in dust. 176

Thus Heav'n asserted its eternal reign
O'er the proud Giants and Titanick train;
And now in peace the Gods their Jove obey,
And all the thrones of heav'n adore his sway. 180

THE LOVE OF JASON & MEDEA, FROM APOLLONIUS RHODIUS,

BOOK III. VER. 743.

Νὺ μὲν ἔπειτ' ἐνὶ γαῖαν ἀγρυπνῶντας, &c.

Advertisement.

THE translator has taken the liberty, in the following version from the *Argonautics* of *Apollonius*, as well as in the *Story of Talus*, to omit whatever has not an immediate relation to the subject, yet hopes that a due connexion is not wanting; and that the reader will not be displeased with these short sketches from a poet who is affirmed to be every where sublime by no less a critick than *Longinus*, and from whom many verses are borrowed by so great a poet as *Virgil*.

Now rising shades a solemn gloom display
O'er the wide earth and o'er th' ethereal way;
All night the sailor marks the Northern Team,
And golden circlet of Orion's beam;
A deep repose the weary wand'rer shares,
And the faint watchman sleeps away his cares;
Ev'n the fond mother while all breathless lies
Her child of love in slumber seals her eyes:

No sound of village-dog, no noise, invades:
 The death-like silence of the midnight shades:
 Alone Medea wakes; to love a prey
 Restless she rolls, and groans the night away.
 Now the fire-breathing bulls command her cares;
 She thinks on Jason, and for Jason fears:
 In sad review on horrors horrors rise;
 Quick beats her heart; from thought to thought she
 As from replenish'd urns with dubious ray [flies:
 The sunbeams dancing from the surface play,
 Now here now there the trembling radiance falls,
 Alternate flashing round th' illumin'd walls;
 Thus flutt'ring bounds the trembling virgin's blood,
 And from her shining eyes descends a flood.
 Now raving with resistless flames she glows,
 Now sick with love she melts with softer woes:
 The tyrant god, of ev'ry thought possess,
 Beats in each pulse, and stings and racks her breast.
 Now she resolves the magick to betray
 To tame the bulls; now yield him up a prey.
 Again the drugs disdaining to supply,
 She loathes the light, and meditates to die:
 Anon repelling with a brave disdain
 The coward thought, she nourishes the pain.
 Thus tost, retost, with furious storms of cares
 On the cold ground she rolls, and thus with tears:
 "Ah me! where'er I turn before my eyes
 "A dreadful view: on sorrows sorrows rise!

"Toss'd in a giddy whirl of strong desire
 "I glow, I burn, yet bless the pleasing fire!
 "O had this spirit from its prison fled,
 "By Dian sent to wander with the dead, 40
 "Ere the proud Grecians view'd the Colchian skies,
 "Ere Jason, lovely Jason! met these eyes.
 "Hell gave the shining mischief to our coast;
 "Medea saw him, and Medea is lost.——
 "But why these sorrows? if the pow'rs on high 45
 "His death decree, die, wretched Jason! die.
 "Shall I elude my fire? my art betray?
 "Ah me! what words shall purge the guilt away?
 "But could I yield——O whither must I run
 "To find the man——whom virtue bids me shun?
 "Shall I, all lost to shame, to Jason fly? 51
 "And yet I must—if Jason bleeds I die!
 "Then, Shame! farewell: adieu for ever, Fame!
 "Hail, black Disgrace! be fam'd for guilt my name!
 "Live, Jason! live; enjoy the vital air; 55
 "Live thro' my aid, and fly where winds can bear!
 "But when he flies, ye Poisons! lend your pow'rs!
 "That day Medea treads th' infernal shores!
 "Then, wretched Maid! thy lot is endless shame;
 "Then the proud dames of Colchis blast thy name:
 "I hear them cry——"The false Medea is dead" 61
 "Thro' guilty passion for a stranger's bed;
 "Medea, careless of her virgin fame;
 "Preferr'd a stranger to a father's name!"

" O may I rather yield this vital breath 65
" Than bear that base dishonour, worse than death!"
Thus wail'd the fair, and seiz'd with horrid joy
Drugs foes to life, and potent to destroy;
A magazine of death! Again she pours
From her swoln eyeballs tears in shining show'rs; 70
With grief insatiate and with trembling hands
All comfortless the cask of death expands:
A sudden fear her lab'ring soul invades,
Struck with the horrors of th' infernal shades:
She stands deep-musing with a faded brow, 75
Absorpt in thought, a monument of woe!
While all the comforts that on life attend,
The cheerful converse and the faithful friend,
By thought deep-imag'd in her bosom play,
Endearing life and charm despair away. 80
Th' all-cheering suns with sweeter light arise,
And ev'ry object brightens to her eyes:
Then from her hand the baneful drugs she throws,
Consents to live, recover'd from her woes;
Resolv'd the magick virtue to betray, 85
She waits the dawn, and calls the lazy day.
Time seems to stand, or backward drive his wheels;
The hours she chides, and eyes the eastern hills.
At length the dawn with orient beams appears,
The shades disperse, and man awakes to cares. 90
Studious to please, her graceful length of hair
With art she binds, that wanton'd with the air;

From her soft cheek she wipes the tear away,
 And bids keen lightnings from her eyes to play;
 From limb to limb refreshing unguents pours, 93
 Unguents that breathe of heav'n in copious show'rs.
 Her robe she next assumes; bright clasps of gold
 Close to the less'ning waist the robe infold;
 Down from her swelling loins the rest unbound
 Floats in rich waves redundant o'er the ground: 100
 Last with a shining veil her cheeks she shades,
 Then swimming smooth along magnificently treads.

Thus forward moves the fairest of her kind,
 Blind to the future, to the present blind,
 Twelve maids, attendants on her virgin bow'r, 103
 Alike unconscious of the bridal hour,
 Join to the car the mules, dire rites to pay;
 To Hecate's black fane she bends her way;
 A juice she bears whose magick virtue tames
 (Thro' fell Persephone) the rage of flames; 110
 It gives the hero, strong in matchless might,
 To stand secure of harms in mortal fight;
 It mocks the sword; the sword without a wound
 Leaps as from marble shiver'd to the ground:
 She mounts the car*; nor rode the nymph alone; 113
 On either side two lovely damsels shone;
 Her hand with skill th' embroider'd rein controls,
 Back fly the streets as swift the chariot rolls.
 Along the wheel-worn road they hold their way,
 The domes retreat, the sinking tow'rs decay. 120

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Bare to the knee fuscinct a damsel train
 Behind attends, and glitters tow'rd the plain.
 As when her limbs divine Diana laves
 In fair Parthenius or th' Amnesian waves,
 Sublime in royal state the bounding roes 123
 Whirl her bright car along the mountain brows,
 Swift to her fane in pomp the goddess moves,
 The nymphs attend that haunt the shady groves,
 Th' Amnesian fount or silver-streaming rills,
 Nymphs of the vales or Oreads of the hills, 130
 The fawning beasts before the goddess play,
 Or trembling, savage adoration pay;
 Thus on her car sublime the nymph appears,
 The crowd falls back, and as she moves reverts:
 Swift to the fane aloft her course she bends, 135
 The fane she reaches, and to earth descends;
 Then to her train—"Ah me! I fear we stray,
 "Misled by Folly to this lonely way!
 "Alas! should Jason with his Greeks appear
 "Where should we fly? I fear, alas! I fear! 140
 "No more the Colchian youths and virgin train
 "Haunt the cool shade or tread in dance the plain.
 "But since alone—with sports beguile the hours;
 "Come, chaunt the song, or pluck the blooming
 "flow'rs;
 "Pluck ev'ry sweet to deck your virgin bow'rs!"
 Then warbling soft * she lifts her heav'nly voice, 146
 But sick with mighty love the song is noise:

She hears from ev'ry note a discord rise,
 Till, pausing, on her tongue the musick dies:
 She hates each object, ev'ry face offends; 150
 In ev'ry wish her soul to Jason sends;
 With sharpen'd eyes the distant lawn explores
 To find the object whom her soul adores:
 At ev'ry whisper of the passing air
 She starts, she turns, and hopes her Jason there. 155
 Again she fondly looks, nor looks in vain;
 He comes! her Jason shines along the plain!
 As when emerging from the wat'ry way
 Refulgent Sirius lifts his golden ray
 He shines terrifick, for his burning breath 160
 Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death;
 Such to the nymph approaching Jason shows,
 Bright author of unutterable woes!
 Before her eyes a swimming darkness spread,
 Her flush'd cheek glow'd, her very heart was dead;
 No more her knees their wonted office knew, 166
 Fix'd without motion, as to earth she grew.
 Her train recedes; the meeting lovers gaze
 In silent wonder and in still amaze:
 As two fair cedars on the mountain's brow, 170
 Pride of the groves! with roots adjoining grow,
 Erect and motionless the stately trees
 A while remain while sleeps each fanning breeze,
 Till from th' Æolian caves a blast unbound
 Bends their proud tops and bids their boughs resound;

Thus gazing they, till by the breath of love 176
 Strongly at length inspir'd they speak, they move;
 With smiles the lovesick virgin he survey'd,
 And fondly thus address'd the blooming maid:

"Dismiss, my Fair! my Love! thy virgin fear; 180

" 'Tis Jason speaks; no enemy is here.

"Man, haughty Man! is of obdurate kind,

"But Jason bears no proud inhuman mind,

"By gentlest manners, softest arts, refin'd.

"Whom wouldst thou fly? Stay, lovely Virgin! stay;

"Speak ev'ry thought; far hence be fears away. 186

"Speak, and be truth in ev'ry accent found;

"Dread to deceive; we tread on hallow'd ground*.

"By the stern Pow'r who guards this sacred place,

"By the illustrious authors of thy race; 190

"By Jove, to whom the stranger's cause belongs,

"To whom the suppliant, and who feels their wrongs,

"O guard me, save me, in the needful hour!

"Without thy aid thy Jason is no more!

"To thee a suppliant in distress I bend, 195

"To thee a stranger, and who wants a friend!

"Then when between us seas and mountains rise

"Medea's name shall sound in distant skies;

"All Greece to thee shall owe her heroes' fates,

"And bless Medea thro' her hundred states; 200

"The mother and the wife, who now in vain

"Roll their sad eyes fast-streaming o'er the main,

* The Temple of Hecate.

" Shall stay their tears; the mother and the wife
 " Shall bless thee for a son's or husband's life!
 " Fair Ariadne, sprung from Minos' bed, 205
 " Sav'd the brave Theseus, and with Theseus fled;
 " Forsook her father and her native plain,
 " And stemm'd the tumults of the furling main;
 " Yet the stern fire relented, and forgave
 " The maid, whose only crime it was to save; 210
 " Ev'n the just gods forgave; and now on high
 " A star she shines, and beautifies the sky.
 " What blessings then shall righteous Heav'n decree
 " For all our heroes sav'd, and sav'd by thee?
 " Heav'n gave thee not to kill so soft an air, 215
 " And Cruelty sure never look'd so fair!"
 He ceas'd, but left so charming on her ear
 His voice, that list'ning still she seem'd to hear:
 Her eye to earth she bends with modest grace,
 And Heav'n in smiles is open'd in her face; 220
 A glance she steals, but rosy blushes spread
 O'er her fair cheek, and then she drops her head:
 A thousand words at once to speak she tries
 In vain—but speaks a thousand with her eyes.
 Trembling the shining casque she expands, 225
 Then gives the magick virtue to his hands;
 And had the pow'r been granted to convey
 Her heart—had giv'n her very heart away. 228

THE STORY OF TALUS,
FROM APOLLONIUS RHODIUS, BOOK IV. VER. 1629.

ΟΙ Ἡμῶ δ' ἡλίο μένιδυ, ἀνὰ δ' ἤλυθεν ἄς ἦρ
Αὔλι, &c.

THE following verses from Apollonius will appear very extravagant unless we have recourse to their allegorical meaning. Plato in his *Minos* thus writes: "Talus and Rhadamanthus were the assistants of Minos in the execution of his laws. It was the office of Talus to visit all parts of Crete thrice every year to enforce them with the utmost severity. The poet alludes to this custom in these words:

"Fierce guard of Crete! who thrice each year explores

"The trembling isle, and strides from shores to shores."

"Talus is fabled to be formed of brass, because the laws which he carried with him in his circuit were engraven upon brazen tables. It is not improbable but the fable of the bursting the vein above the ankle of Talus, by which he died, arose from the manner of punishment practised by him, which was by opening a vein above the ankles of criminals, by which they bled to death."

THE ev'ning star now lifts, as daylight fades,
His golden circlet in the deep'ning shades:
Stretch'd at his ease the weary lab'rer shares
A sweet forgetfulness of human cares:
At once in silence sink the sleeping gales,
The mast they * drop, and furl the flagging sails;

* Argonauts.

P iij

All night, all day, they ply the bending oar
 Tow'rd Carpathus, and reach the rocky shores;
 Thence Crete they view emerging from the main,
 The queen of isles! but Crete they view in vain; 10
 There Talus, whirling with resistless sway
 Rocks sheer uprent, repels them from the bay;
 A giant sprung from giant race, who took
 Their births from entrails of the stubborn oak;
 Fierce guard of Crete! by Jove assistant giv'n 15
 To legislators† styl'd the sons of Heav'n:
 To mercy deaf, he thrice each year explores
 The trembling isle, and strides from shores to shores:
 A form of living brass! one part beneath
 Alone he bears a path to let in death, 20
 Where o'er the ankle swells the turgid vein,
 Soft to the stroke, and sensible of pain.

And now her magick spells† Medea tries,
 Bids the red fiends, the dogs of Orcus, rise,
 That starting dreadful from th' infernal shade 25
 Ride heav'n in storms, and all that breathes invade.
 Thrice she applies the pow'r of magick pray'r,
 Thrice hellward bending mutters charms in air;
 Then turning tow'rd the foe bids mischief fly,
 And looks destruction as she points her eye; 30
 Then specres rising from Tartarean bow'rs
 Howl round in air or grin along the shores;
 While tearing up whole hills* the giant throws
 Outrag'ous rocks on rocks to crush the foes;

Minos and Rhadamanthus. † Ver. 1665. * Ver. 1679.

But frantick as he strides a sudden wound;
 Bursts the life vein, and blood o'erspreads the ground;
 As from the furnace in a burning flood
 Pours molten lead, so pours in streams his blood:
 And now he staggers as the spirit flies;
 He faints, he sinks, he tumbles, and he dies.
 As some huge cedar on a mountain's brow
 Pierc'd by the steel expects the final blow,
 A while it totters with alternate sway,
 Till fresh'ning breezes thro' the branches play,
 Then tumbling downward with a thund'ring sound
 Falls headlong and o'erspreads a breadth of ground.
 So as the giant falls the ocean roars,
 Outstretch'd he lies, and covers half the shores.

HORACE, ODE I.

TRANSLATED.

MÆCENAS! whose high lineage springs
 From a long race of ancient kings,
 Patron and Friend! thy honour'd name
 At once is my defence and fame.

There are who with fond transport praise
 The chariot thund'ring in the race,
 Where conquest won and palms bestow'd
 Lift the proud mortal to a god.

The man who courts the people's voice,
 And dotes on offices and noise,
 Or they who till the peaceful fields,
 And reap what bounteous Nature yields,

Unmov'd the merchant's wealth behold,
 Not hazard happiness for gold;
 Untempted by whole worlds of gain
 To stem the billows of the main.

The merchant when the storm invades
 Envy the quiet of the shades,
 But soon relanches from the shore,
 Dreading the crime of being poor.

Some careless waste the mirthful day
 With gey'rous wines and wanton play,
 Indulgent of the genial hour
 By spring, or rill, or shade, or bow'r.

Some hear with joy the clanging jar
 Of trumpets that alarm to war,
 While matrons tremble at the breath
 That calls their sons to arms and death.

The sportsman, train'd in storms, defies
 The chilling blast and freezing skies:
 Unmindful of his bride, in vain
 Soft Beauty pleads: along the plain
 The stag he chases, or beguiles
 The furious boar into his toils.

For you the blooming ivy * grows,
 Proud to adorn your learned brows;
 Patron of letters you arise,
 Grow to a god, and mount the skies.
 Of Humbly in breezy shades I stray
 Where Sylvans dance and Satyrs play,

* Te Doctarum Hedera, &c.

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Contented to advance my claim
Only o'er men without a name,
Transcribing what the Muses sing
Harmonious to the pipe or string.

But if indulgently you deign
To rank me with the Lyrick train,
Aloft the tow'ring Muse shall rise
On bolder wings, and gain the skies.

SIXTEEN ODES OF ANACREON*.

ODE XV. HAPPY LIFE.

THE wealth of Gyges I despise;
Gems are useless glitt'ring toys:
Gold I leave and such vain things
To the low aim and pride of kings.

Let my hair with unguents flow,
With rosy garlands crown my brow:
The present moment I enjoy,
Doom'd in the next perhaps to die.

Then while the hour serenely shines
Toss the gay die and quaff thy wines;
But ever in the genial hour
To Bacchus the libation pour,
Lest Death in wrath approach and cry,
"Man!—taste no more the cup of joy."

* First published in The Gent. Mag. and afterwards inserted
in the Translations of Anacreon published by Mr Fawkes.

ODE XVI. POWER OF BEAUTY.

SOME sing of Thebes, and some destroy
In lofty numbers haughty Troy :
I mourn, alas ! in plaintive strains
My own captivity and chains.

No navy rang'd in proud array,
No foot, no horseman, arm'd to slay
My peace alarm : far other foes,
Far other hosts, create my woes ;
Strange dang'rous hosts ! that ambush'd lie
In ev'ry bright love-darting eye ;
Such as destroy when Beauty arms
To conquer, dreadful in its charms ! 12

ODE XX. TO HIS MISTRESS.

THE gods o'er mortals prove their sway,
And steal them from themselves away ;
Transform'd by their almighty hands
Sad Niobe an image stands ;
And Philomel, upborne on wings, 5
Thro' air her mournful story sings.

Would Heav'n, indulgent to my vow,
The happy change I wish allow,
The envy'd mirror I would be,
That thou might'st always gaze on me ; 10
And could my naked heart appear
Thou 'dst see thyself—for thou art there.

O were I made thy folding vest,
 That thou might'st clasp me to thy breast!
 Or turn'd into a fount, to lave
 Thy naked beauties in my wave!
 Thy bosom-cincture I would grow
 To warm those little hills of snow;
 Thy ointment, in rich fragrant streams
 To wander o'er thy beauteous limbs;
 Thy chain of shining pearl—to deck
 And close embrace thy graceful neck:
 A very scandal I would be
 To tread on—if trod on by thee!

ODE XXIV. IMITATED.

ALAS! alas! I see each day
 Steals me from myself away,
 And ev'ry step of life I tread
 I speed to mingle with the dead.
 How many years are past, my Friends!
 I know, and there my knowledge ends:
 How many years are still in store
 I neither can nor would explore.
 Then since the hours incessant fly
 They all shall find me crown'd with joy.
 To those my cares I here bequeath
 Who meanly die for fear of death,
 And daily with assiduous strife
 Contrive to live, accurs'd with life.

Then, Care! begone; I'd dance and play; 13
 Hence with thy serious face away!
 I'll laugh, and whilst gay wine inflames
 I'll court the laughter-loving dames,
 And study to resign my breath
 In ecstacy, and smile in death. 20

ODE XXV. IMITATED.

BRING me, O bring the enliv'ning draught,
 Lenient of grief and anxious thought!
 Then Care retires, ashamed to show
 His downcast eye and faded brow.
 I banish bus'ness to the great, 3
 To all that curse yet covet state.

Death hastes amain; then who would run
 To meet what most he strives to shun?
 Or antedate the dreadful day
 By cares, and aid the fiend to slay? 10
 If tears could bribe his dreadful pow'rs
 I'd weep, and bless the precious show'rs;
 But let our lot be joy or woe
 Alike he speeds to strike the blow.

Then crown the bowl!—ye Sorrows! fly
 To kill some wretch who wants to die. 16

ODE XXXI.

THE PLEASING FRENZY.

Now bring, by all the pow'rs divine!
 Bring me a bowl of rosy wine;

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A mighty bowl of wine I crave;
When wine inspires it is sweet to rave.

In frantick rage Alcides drew
His falchion: and his mother flew.
Orestes in a furious mood
Raving shed his mother's blood.
Dreadful sober madmen they were,
None, harmless drunkards none I say.
The blood of grapes I only crave;
I quaff it, and it is sweet to rave.

Alcides frantick grasp'd his bow,
His quiver rattled round with war;
Stern Ajax shook his glittering blade,
And broad his sevenfold shield display'd:

Dangerous madmen! bow he drew
His sword, and hosts in fury flew.
I, peaceful I! no falchion wield;

I bend no bow, I poise no shield;
The flow'ry garland crowns my hair;
My hand the pow'ful goblet bears;
The pow'ful goblet nobly brave
I drain, and then it is sweet to rave.

ODE XXXVI.

TALK not to me of precepts, rules;
I leave debates to learned fools.
Who solemnly in form advise,
At best impertinently wise.
To me more pleasing precepts give,
And teach the science how to live;

To bury in the friendly draught
Sorrows that spring from too much thought;
To learn soft lessons from the fair
How life may glide exempt from care.

Alas! I'm old! I see my head
With hoary locks by Time o'erspread;
Then instant be the goblet brought
To make me young—at least in thought.
Alas! incessant speeds the day
When I must mix with common clay,
When I must tread the dismal shore,
And dream of love and wine no more.

ODE XXXVII. THE SPRING.

SEE! winter is past; the seasons bring
Soft breezes with returning Spring;
At whose approach the Graces wear
Fresh honours in their flowing hair;
The raging seas forget to roar,
And, smiling, gently kiss the shore;
The sportive duck in wanton play
Now dives, now rises into day;
The cranes from freezing skies repair,
And sailing float to warmer air:
Th' enlivening suns in glory rise
And gayly dance along the skies.

The clouds disperse, or if in flow'rs
They fall it is to awake the flow'rs;
See! verdure clothes the teeming earth,
The olive struggles into birth;

The swelling grapes adorn the vine,
 And kindly promise future wine:
 Blest juice! already I in thought
 Quaff an imaginary draught.

ODE XLVIII. GAY LIFE.

GIVE me Homer's tuneful lyre,
 Let the sound my breast inspire!
 But with no troublesome delight
 Of arms and heroes slain in fight:
 Let it play no conquests here,
 Or conquests only o'er the fair.
 A Boy! reach that volume — book divine!
 The Statutes of the god of Wine!
 He, legislator, statutes draws,
 And I his judge enforce his laws,
 And faithful to the weighty trust
 Compel his vot'ries to be just.
 Thus round the bowl impartial flies
 Till to the sprightly dance we rise:
 We frisk it with a lively bound,
 Charm'd with the lyre's harmonious sound,
 Then pour forth with an heat divine
 Rapturous songs that breathe of wine.

ODE L.

THE HAPPY EFFECTS OF WINE.

SEE! see the Jolly God appears,
 His hand a mighty goblet bears;
 With sparkling Wine full-charg'd it flows,
 The sov'reign cure of human woes.

Wine gives a kind release from care,
 And courage to subdue the fair;
 Instructs the cheerful to advance,
 Harmonious in the sprightly dance.
 Hail, Goblet! rich with gen'rous Wines:
 See! round the verge a vinebranch twines:
 See! how the mimic clusters roll,
 As ready to refill the bowl!

Wine keeps its happy patients free
 From ev'ry painful malady;
 Our best physician all the year,
 Thus guarded no disease we fear,
 No troublesome disease of mind,
 Until another year grows kind,
 And loads again the fruitful vine,
 And brings again our health—new Wine.

ODE LII.

GRAPES OF THE VINTAGE.

Lo! the Vintage now is done,
 And black'ned with th' autumnal sun
 The Grapes gay youths and virgins bear,
 The sweetest product of the year!
 'Tis wats the heav'nly load they lay,
 And swift the damsels trip away:
 The youths alone the Winepress tread,
 For Wine is by skilful drunkards made:
 Meantime the mirthful song they raise,
 Lo! Bacchus, to thy praise;
 And eyeing the blest juice, in thought
 Quaff an imaginary draught.

Gayly thro' Wine the old advance,
 And doubly tremble in the dance:
 In fancy'd youth they chant and play,
 Forgetful that their locks are grey.

Thro' Wine the youth completes his loves;
 He haunts the silence of the groves,
 Where stretch'd beneath th' embow'ring shade
 He spies some love-inspiring maid;
 On beds of rosy sweets she lies,
 Inviting Sleep to close her eyes:
 Fast by her side his limbs he throws,
 Her hand he presses—breathes his vows,
 And cries, "My Love! my Soul! comply
 "This instant, or, alas! I die."

In vain the youth persuasion tries;
 In vain—her tongue at least denies:
 Then scorning death, thro' dull despair
 He storms th' unwilling willing fair;
 Blessing the Grapes that could dispense
 The happy, happy, impudence.

ODE LIII. THE ROSE.

Come, Lyrist! tune thy harp, and play
 Responsive to my vocal lay;
 Gently touch it while I sing
 The Rose, the glory of the spring.
 To heav'n the Rose in fragrance flies,
 The sweetest incense of the skies.
 Thee, joy of earth! when vernal hours
 Pour forth a blooming waste of flow'rs,

The gayly-smiling Graces wear
A trophy in their flowing hair;
Thee Venus queen of Beauty loves,
And crown'd with thee more graceful moves.

In fabled song and tuneful lays
Their fav'rite Rose the Muses praise.
To pluck the Rose the virgin train
With blood their pretty fingers stain;
Nor dread the pointed tendrils round
That threaten and inflict a wound.
See how they wave the charming toy,
Now kiss now snuff the fragrant joy!
The Rose the poets strive to praise,
And for it would exchange their bays:

O! ever to the sprightly feast
Admitted, welcome, pleasing Guest!
But chiefly when the goblet flows,
And Rosy wreathes adorn our brows.

Lovely smiling Rose! how sweet
The object where thy beauties meet!
Aurora with a blushing ray
And rosy fingers spreads the day:

The Graces more enchanting show
When rosy blushes paint their snow;
And ev'ry pleas'd beholder feels
The Rose in Cytherea's cheeks.

When pain afflicts or sickness grieves,
Its juice the drooping heart relieves;
And after death its odours shed
A pleasing fragrance o'er the dead.

30

35

And when its with'ring charms decay,
 And sinking, fading, die away, 40
 Triumphant o'er the rage of time
 It keeps the fragrance of its prime.

Come, Lyrist! join to sing the birth
 Of this sweet offspring of the Earth.

When Venus from the Ocean's bed 45
 Rais'd o'er the waves her lovely head;
 When warlike Pallas sprung from Jove
 Tremendous to the pow'r's above,

To grace the world the teeming Earth 50
 Gave the fragrant infant birth;
 And "This," she cry'd, "I this ordain
 "My fav'rite queen of Flow'rs to reign!"

But first th' assembled gods debate
 The future wonder to create:
 Agreed at length, from heav'n they threw 55
 A drop of rich nectareous dew;
 A bramble-stem the drop receives,
 And straight the Rose adorns the leaves.

The gods to Bacchus gave the Flow'r
 To grace him in the genial hour. 60

ODE LIV. GROWN YOUNG.

WHEN sprightly youths my eyes survey
 I too am young and I am gay;
 In dance my active body swims,
 And sudden pinions lift my limbs.

Haste, crown, Cybaba, crown my brows
 With garlands of the fragrant rose!

Hence, hoary Age!—I now am strong;
And dance a youth among the young.

Come then, my Friends! the goblet drain;
Bless'd juice!—I feel thee in each vein:
See how with active bounds I spring!
How strong and yet how sweet I sing!
How blest am I who thus excel
In pleasing arts of trifling well!

ODE LV. THE MARK.

THE stately steed expressive bears
A Mark imprinted on his hairs:
The turban that adorns the brows
Of Asia's sons the Parthian shows;
And Marks betray the lover's heart
Deeply engrav'd by Cupid's dart:
I plainly read them in his eyes
That looks too foolish or too wise.

ODE LVI.

ALAS! the pow'rs of life decay;
My hairs are fall'n, or chang'd to grey;
The smiling bloom and youthful grace
Is banish'd from my faded face.
Thus man beholds with weeping eyes
Himself half dead before he dies.
For this and for the grave I fear,
And pour the never-ceasing tear.
A dreadful prospect strikes my eye;
I soon must sicken, soon must die!

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For this the mournful groan I shed,
 I dread—alas! the hour I dread!
 What eye can stedfastly survey
 Death and its dark tremendous way?
 Not soon as Fate has clos'd our eyes
 Man dies—for ever, ever dies!
 All pale, all senseless, in the urn;
 Never, ah! never, to return!

ODE LXIV. TO APOLLO.

ONCE more, not uninspir'd, the string
 I waken, and spontaneous sing.
 No Pythick laurel-wreath I claim
 That lifts Ambition into fame:
 My voice unbidden tunes the lay;
 Some god impels, and I obey.
 Listen, ye Groves!—The Muse prepares
 A sacred song in Phrygian airs,
 Such as the swan expiring sings
 Melodious by Cayster's springs,
 While list'ning winds in silence hear,
 And to the gods the musick bear.

Celestial Muse! attend, and bring
 Thy aid while I thy Phœbus sing:
 To Phœbus and the Muse belong
 The laurel, lyre, and Delphick song.

Begin, begin, the lofty strain
 How Phœbus lov'd but lov'd in vain;
 How Daphne fled his guilty flame,
 And scorn'd a god that offer'd shame.

With glorious pride his vows she hears,
 And Heav'n, indulgent to her pray'rs,
 To laurel chang'd the nymph, and gave
 Her foliage to reward the brave.

Ah! how on wings of love convey'd
 He flew to clasp the panting maid!
 Now, now, o'ertakes!—but Heav'n deceives
 His hope—he seizes only leaves.

Why fires my raptur'd breast? ah! why?

Ah! whither strives my soul to fly? 20

I feel the pleasing frenzy strong;

Impulsive to some nobler song:

Let, let the wanton fancy play,

But guide it lest it devious stray.

But oh! in vain, my Muse denies 35

Her aid, a slave to lovely eyes.

Suffice it to rehearse the pains,

Of bleeding nymphs and dying swains,

Nor dare to wield the shafts of Love

That wound the gods and conquer Jove. 40

I yield; adieu the lofty strain!

I am Anacreon once again;

Again the melting song I play

Attemper'd to the vocal lay.

See! see! how with attentive ears 45

The youths imbibe the nectar'd airs,

And quaff, in flow'ry shades reclin'd,

My precepts to regale the mind. 48

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THE END,

